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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The

Return from Parnassus

Date of the early Editions (two in same year) . 1606

(*From the Dyce Collection at S. Kensington*)

Reproduced in Facsimile 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Return from Parnassus

1606

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

A.269837

The Return from Parnassus

1606

Two editions of this play were issued in the same year, each varying from the other, and both from a MS. copy which formerly belonged to Mr. Halliwell-Phillips. A previous part of the "Return," and an earlier play entitled "A Pilgrimage to Parnassus," were supposed lost until the Rev. W. D. Macray unearthed them from the Hearne MSS. in the Bodleian. Both these MS. plays are in preparation for this series of facsimiles.

Meanwhile, Mr. Macray's reprint of the Parnassus triad (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1886) *is so thorough in its treatment that he has left little if anything for others to do. The variations in the two printed editions, and the alternative readings given by the Halliwell manuscript, are fully set out; not the least useful is the critical preface to the reprinted plays.*

The chief interest, of course, centres in the early allusions to Shakespeare, showing the popularity of a kind already won by the poet.

The reproduction is judged to be "distinctly satisfactory."

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE RETVRNE FROM PERNASSVS:

Or

The Scourge of Simony.

Publiquely acted by the Students in Saint Iohns Colledge in *Cambridge.*

AT LONDON
Printed by *G. Eld*, for *Iohn Wright*, and are to bee sold at his shop at Christ church Gate.
1606.

The Prologue.

Boy, Stagekeeper, Momus, Defensor.

Boy.

SPectators we will act a Comedy (*non plus.*

Stage. A pox on't this booke hath it not in it, you would be whipt, thou rascall: thou must be sitting vp all night at cardes, when thou should be conning thy part.

Boy. Its all long on you, I could not get my part a night or two before that I might sleepe on it.

Stagekeeper carrieth the boy away vnder his arme.

Mo. It's euen well done, here is such a stirre about a scuruy English show.

Defen. Scuruy in thy face, thou scuruy iack, if this company were not, you paultry Crittick Gentleman, you that knowe what it is to play at primero, or passage. You that haue beene student at post and paire, saint and Loadam. You that haue spent all your quarters reueneues in riding post one night in Christmas, beare with the weake memory of a gamster.

Mo. Gentlemen you that can play at noddy, or rather play vpon nodies: you that can set vp a iest, at priemero instead of a rest, laugh at the prologue that was taken away in a voyder.

Defen. What we present I must needes confesse is but slubbered inuention: if your wisedome obscure the circumstance, your kindnesse will pardon the substance.

Mo. What is presented here, is an old musty show, that hath laine this twelue moneth in the bottome of a coale-house amongst broomes and old shoos, an inuention that we are ashamed of, and therefore we haue promised the Copies to the Chandlers to wrappe his candles in.

Defen. It's but a Christmas toy, and may it please your curtisies to let it passe,

Mom. Its a Christmas toy indeede, as good a conceit as flanging hotcockles, or blind-man buffe.

Defen. Some humors you shall see aymed at, if not well resembled.

Mom. Humors indeede: is it not a pretty humor to stand hamering vpon two *individuum vagum* 2. schollers some whole yeare. These same *Phil.* and *Studio*: haue bin followed with a whip, and a verse like a Couple of Vagabonds through *England* and *Italy*. The Pilgrimage to *Pernassus*, and the returne from *Pernassus* haue stood the honest *Stagekeepers* in many a Crownes expence: for linckes and vizards purchased a Sophister a knock: which a clubbe hindred the butlers box, and emptied the Colledge barrells, and now vnlesse you know the subiect well you may returne home as wise as you came, for this last is the least part of the returne from *Pernassus*, that is both the first and the last time that the authors wit will turne vpon the toe in this vaine, and at this time the scene is not at *Pernassus*, that is lookes not good inuention in the face.

Defen. If the Catastrophe please you not, impute it to the vnpleasing fortunes of discoutented schollers.

Mom. For Catastrophe there's neuer a tale in sir *Iohn Mandenill*, or *Bevis of Southampton* but hath a better turning.

Stagekeeper. What you ieering asse, be gon with a pox.

Mom. You may do better to busie your selfe in prouiding beere, for the shew will be pittifull dry, pittifull dry.

Exit.

No more of this, I heard the spectators aske for a blanke verse.

What we shew, is but a Christmas iest,
Conceiue of this and guesse of all the rest:
Full like a schollers haplesse fortunes pen'd,
Whose former griefes seldome haue happy end,
Fraine aswell, we might with easie straine,
With far more praise, and with as little paine.
Stories of loue, where some the wondring bench,
The lisping gallant might inioy his wench.

Or

Or make ſome Sire acknowledge his loſt ſonne,
Found when the weary act is almoſt done.
Nor vnto this, nor vnto that our ſcene is bent,
We onely ſhew a ſchollers diſcontent.
In Schollers fortunes twiſe forlorne and dead
Twiſe hath our weary pen earſt laboured.
Making them Pilgrims in *Pernaſſus* hill,
Then penning their returne with ruder quill.
Now we preſent vnto each pittying eye,
The ſchollers progreſſe in their miſery.
Refined wits your patience is our bliſſe,
Too weake our ſcene: too great our iudgement is.
To you wee ſeeke to ſhew a ſchollers ſtate,
His ſcorned fortunes, his vnpittied fate.
To you: for if you did not ſchollers bleſſe,
Their caſe (poore caſe) were too too pittileſſe.
You ſhade the muſes vnder foſtering,
And made them leaue to ſigh, and learne to ſing.

The names of the Actors.

Drametis Persona.

Ingenioso.	*Academico.*
Iudicio.	*Amoretto.*
Danter.	*Page.*
Philomusus.	*Signor Immerito.*
Studioso.	*Stercutio his father.*
Furor Poeticus.	*Sir Frederick.*
Phantasma.	*Recorder.*
Patient.	*Page.*
Richardetto.	*Prodigo.*
Theodorephistion.	*Burbage.*
Burgesse patient.	*Kempe.*
Iaques, studioso.	*Fidlers.*
	Patients man.

Actus I. Scena. I.

Ingenioso, with Iuuenall in his hand.

Ingenioso.

DIfficile est, Satyram non scribere, nam quis iniqua
Tam patiens vrbis, tam furens vt teneat se?
I, Iuuenall: thy ierking hand is good,
Not gently laying on, but fetching bloud,
So surgean-like thou dost with cutting heale,
Where nought but lanching can the wound auaile.
O suffer me, among so many men,
To tread aright the traces of thy pen.
And light my linke at thy eternall flame,
Till with it I brand euerlasting shame.
On the worlds forhead, and with thine owne spirit,
Pay home the world according to his merit.
Thy purer soule could not endure to see,
Euen smallest spots of base impurity:
Nor could small faults escape thy cleaner hands,
Then foule faced Vice was in his swadling bands,
Now like *Anteus* growne a monster is,
A match for none but mighty *Hercules*.
Now can the world practise in plainer guise,
Both sinnes of old and new borne villanies.
Stale sinnes are stole: now doth the world begin,
To take sole pleasure in a witty sinne.
Vnpleasant is the lawlesse sinne has bin,
At midnight rest, when darknesse couers sinne.
It's Clownish vnbeseeming a young Knight,
Vnlesse it dare out-face the gloring light.
Nor can it nought our gallants praises reape,
Vnlesse it be done in staring Cheape.
In a sinne-guilty Coach not closely pent,
Iogging along the harder pauement.
Did not feare check my repining sprit,
Soone should my angry ghost a story write.

In which I would new fostred sinnes combine,
Not knowne earst by truth telling *Aretine.*

Scen. 2. Enter Iud. Ingenioso. Iudicio.

Iud. What *Ingenioso*, carrying a Vinegar bottle about thee, like a great schole-boy giuing the world a bloudy nose?

Ing. Faith *Iudicio*, if I carry the vinegar bottle, it's great reason I should conferre it vpon the bald pated world: & againe, if my kitchen want the vtensilies of viands, it's great reason other men should haue the sauce of vinegar, and for the bloudy nose, *Iudicio*, I may chance indeed giue the world a bloudy nose, but it shall hardly giue me a crakt crowne, though it giues other Poets French crownes.

Iud. I would wish thee *Ingenioso*, to sheath thy pen, for thou canst not be successefull in the fray, considering thy enemies haue the aduantage of the ground.

Ing. Or rather *Iudicio* they haue the grounds with aduantage, and the French crownes with a pox, and I would they had them with a plague too: but hang them swadds, the basest corner in my thoughts is too gallant a roome to lodge them in, but say *Iudicio*, what newes in your presse, did you keepe any late corrections vpon any tardy pamphlets?

Iud. Veterem iubes renouare dolorem Ing. what ere befalls thee, keepe thee from the trade of the corrector of the presse.

Ing. Mary so I will, I warran thee, if pouerty presse not too much, Ile correct no presse but the presse of the people.

Iud. Would it not grieue any good spirits to sit a whole moneth nitting out a lousie beggarly Pamphlet, and like a needy Phisitian to stand whole yeares, tossing and tumbling, the filth that falleth from so many draughty inuentions as daily swarme in our Printing house?

Ing. Come (I thinke) we shall haue you put finger in the eye and cry, O friends, no friends, say man, what new paper hobby horses, what rattle babies are come out in your late May morrice daunce?

Iud. Flye my rimes, as thick as flies in the sunne, I thinke there

there be neuer an Ale-house in England, not [illegible] so base a May-pole on a country greene, but sets forth some poets petternels or demilances to the paper warres in Paules Church-yard.

Ing. And well too may the issue of a strong hop learne to hop all ouer England, when as better wittes sit like lame coblers in their studies Such barmy heads wil alwaies be working, when as sad vineger wittes sit souring at the bottome of a barrell: plaine Meteors, bred of the exhalation of Tobacco, and the vapors of a moyst pot, that soure vp into the open ayre, when as sounder wit keepes belowe.

Iud. Considering the furies of the times, I could better endure to see those yoūg Can quaffing hucksters shoot of their pellets so they would keepe them from these English *flores-poetarum*, but now the world is come to that passe; that there starts vp euery day an old goose that sits hatching vp those eggs which haue ben filcht from the nest of Crowes and Kestrells: here is a booke *Ing.* why to condemne it to cleare the vsuall Tiburne of all misliuing papers, were too faire a death for so foule an of-

Ing. What's the name of it, I pray thee *Iud*? (fender.

Iud. Looke, its here *Beluedere.*

Ing. What a Bel-wether in Paules Church-yeard, so cald because it keeps a bleating, or because it hath the tinckling bel of so many Poets about the neck of it, what is the rest of the title.

Iud. The garden of the Muses.

Ing. What haue we here: the Poet garish gayly bedeked like fore horses of the parish? what followes.

Iud. *Quem referent musæ, viuet dum robora tellus,*
Dum cælum stellas, dum vehit amnis aquas.

Who blurres faire paper, with foule bastard rimes,
Shall liue full many an age in latter times:
Who makes a ballet for an ale-house doore,
Shall liue in future times for euer more.
Then ( ) thy muse shall liue so long,
As drafty ballats to thy praise are song.

But what's his deuise, Pernassus with the sunne and the lawrel: I wonder this Owle dares looke on the sunne, and I maruaile this gose flies not the laurell: his deuise might haue bene bet-

ter a foole going into the market place to be seene, with this motto, *scribimus indocti*, or a poore beggar gleaning of eares in the end of harvest, with this word, *sua cuiq; gloria.*

Iud. Turne ouer the leafe *Ing*: and thou shalt see the paines of this worthy gentleman. Sentences gathered out of all kinde of Poets, referred to certaine methodicall heads, profitable for the vse of these times, to rime vpon any occasion at a little warning: Read the names.

Ing. So I will, if thou wilt helpe me to censure them.

Edmund Spencer.	*Michaell Drayton.*
Henry Constable.	*Iohn Dauis.*
Thomas Lodge.	*Iohn Marston.*
Samuel Daniell.	*Kit: Marlowe.*
Thomas Watson.	

Good men and true; stand together: heare your censure, what's thy iudgment of *Spencer*?

Ing. A swifter Swan then euer song in Poe,
A shriller Nightingale then euer blest,
The prouder groues of selfe admiring Rome.
Blith was each vally, and each shepheard proud,
While he did chaunt his rurall minstralsie,
Attentiue was full many a dainty eare.
Nay hearers hong vpon his melting tong,
While sweetly of his Faiery Queene he song,
While to the waters fall he tun'd for fame,
And in each barke engrau'd *Elizaes* name.
And yet for all this, vnregarding soile,
Vnlac't the line of his desired life,
Denying maintenance for his deare reliefe.
Carelesse care to preuent his exequy,
Scarce deigning to shut vp his dying eye.
Ing. Pitty it is that gentler witts should breed,
Where thick-skin chuffes laugh at a schollers need.
But softly may our honours ashes rest,
That lie by mery *Chaucers* noble chest.

But I pray thee proceed briefly in thy censure, that I may be proud of my selfe, as in the first, so in the last, my censure

may

may iumpe with thine. *Henry Constable, S. D. Thomas Lodge, Thomas Watson.*

Iud. Sweete *Constable* doth take the wondring eare,
And layes it vp in willing prisonment:
Sweete hony dropping *D*: doth wage
Warre with the proudest big Italian,
That melts his heart in sugred Sonnetting.
Onely let him more sparingly make vse,
Of others wit, and vse his owne the more:
That well may scorne base imitation.
For *Lodge* and *Watson*, men of some desert,
Yet subiect to a Critticks marginall.
Lodge for his oare in euery paper boate,
He that turnes ouer *Galen* euery day,
To sit and simper *Euphues* legacie.

Ing. Michael Drayton.

Draytons sweete muse is like a sanguine dye,
Able to rauish the rash gazers eye.

Ing. How euer, he wants one true note of a Poet of our times, and that is this, hee cannot swagger it well in a Tauerne, nor dominere in a hot-house.

Iud. Iohn Dauis.

Acute *Iohn Dauis*, I affect thy rymes,
That ierck in hidden charmes these looser times:
Thy plainer verse, thy vnaffected vaine,
Is grac'd with a faire and a sooping traine.

Ing. Locke and *Hudson.*

Iud. Locke and *Hudson*, sleepe you quiet shauers, among the shauings of the presse, and let your bookes lye in some old nookes amongst old bootes and shooes, so you may auoide my censure.

Ing. Why then clap a lock on their feete, and turne them to commons.

Iohn Marston.

Iud. What *Monsier Kinsayder*, lifting vp your legge and pissing against the world, put vp man, put vp for shame.
Me thinks he is a Ruffin in his stile,
Withouten bands or garters ornament,

He quaffes a cup of Frenchmans Helicon.
Then royster doyster in his oylie tearmes,
Cuts, thrusts, and foynes at whomesoeuer he meets,
And strowes about Ramally meditations.
Tut what cares he for modest close coucht termes,
Cleanly to gird our loofer libertines.
Giue him plaine naked words stript from their shirts
That might beseeme plaine dealing *Aretine*:
I there is one that backes a paper steed
And manageth a penknife gallantly.
Strikes his pōnado at a buttons breadth,
Brings the great battering ram of tearmes to townes
And at first volly of his Caunon shot,
Batters the walles of the old tusty world.

Ing.Christopher Marlowe.

Iud.Marlowe was happy in his buskine muse,
Alas vnhaypy in his life and end,
Pitty it is, that wit so ill should dwell
Wit lent from heauen, but vices sent from hell.

*Ing.*Our *Theater* hath lost, *Pluto* hath got,
A Tragick penman for a driery plot.

B I.

Iud. The wittiest fellow of a brick-layer in England.

*Ing.*A meere Empyrick, one that gets what he hath by obseruation, and makes only nature priuy to what he indites. So slow an inuentor, that he were better betake himselfe to his old trade of bricklaying, a bold whorson, as confident now in making a booke, as he was in times past in laying of a bricke.

William Shakespeare.

*Iud.*Who loues *Adonis* loue, or *Lucre's* rape,
His sweeter verse containes hart robbing life,
Could but a grauer subiect him content,
Without loues foolish lang ishment.

Ing.Churchyard.

Hath not *Shor's* wife although a light skirts she,
Given him a chast long lasting memory?

*Iud.*No, all light pamphlets once I finden shall,

A Churchyard and a graue to bury all.

Inge. Thomas Nashdo.

I, here is a fellow *Iudicio* that carried the deadly flocke in his pen, whose muse was armed with a gag tooth, and his pen possest with *Hercules* furyes.

Iudg. Let all his faults sleepe with his mournefull chest,
And then for euer with his ashes rest,
His stile was witty, though he had some gall,
Something he might haue mended, so may all.
Yet this I say, that for a mother wit,
Few men haue euer seene the like of it.

Ing. Reades the rest.

Iud. As for these, they haue some of them bin the old hedg-stakes of the presse, and some of them are at this instant the bots and glanders of the printing house. Fellowes that stande only vpon tearmes to serue the turne, with their blotted papers, write as men go to stoole, for needes, & when they write, they write as a Beare pisses, now and then drop a phamphlet.

Ing. Durum telum necessitas, Good fayth they do as I do, exchange words for money, I haue some trafficke this day with *Danter*, about a little booke which I haue made, the name of it is a Catalogue of *Chambridge* Cuckolds, but this Beluedere, this methodicall asse, hath made me almost forget my time: Ile now to Pauls Churchyard, meete me an houre hence, at the signe of the Pegasus in cheap side, and ile moyst thy temples with a cup of Claret, as hard as the world goes. *Exit, Iudicio.*

Act. 1. Scen. 3.

Enter Danter the Printer.

Ing. Danter thou art deceiued, wit is dearer then thou takest it to bee, I tell thee this libell of Cambridge has much fat and pepper in the nose: it will sell sheerely vnderhand, when all these bookes of Exhortations and Catechismes, lie moulding on thy shopboard.

Dan. It's true, by good faith M. *Ingeniofo*, I lost by your last booke: and you knowe there is many one that paies mee largely for the printing of their inuentions, but for all this you

shall haue 40. shillings and an odde pottle of wine.

Ing. 40. Shillings? a fit reward for one of youe reumaticke Poets, that bestauers all the paper he comes by, and furnishes the Chandlers with wast papers to wrap candles in: but as for me, ile be paid deare euen for the dregges of my wit: little knowes the world what belong to the keeping of a good wit in waters, dietts, drinkes, Tobacco, &c. it is a dainty & costly creature, and therefore I must be paide sweetly: furnish me with money, that I may put my selfe in a new sute of clothes, and ile sute thy shop with a new sute of tearmes: it's the gallantest child my inuention was euer deliuered off. The title is, a Chronicle of Cambrige cuckolds: here a man may see, what day of the moneth such a mans commons were inclosed, and when throwne open, and when any entailed some odde crownes, vpon the heires of their bodies vnlawfully begotten: speake quickly ells I am gone.

Dan. Oh this will sell gallantly: ile haue it whatsoeuer it cost, will you walk on M. *Ingenioso*, weele sit ouer a cup of wine and agree on it.

Ing. A cup of wine is as good a Constable as can be, to take vp the quarrell betwixt vs. *Exeunt.*

Act. 1. Scen. 4.

Philomusus in a Phisitions habite: Studioso that is Iaques man, And patient.

Phil. Tit tit tit, non poynte, non debet fieri phlebetomotio in coitu lunæ: here is a Recipe.

Pat. A Recipe.

Phil. Nos Gallia non curamus quantitatem syllabarum: Let me heare how many stooles you doe make. Adieu Mounseir adeiu good Mounseir, what *Iaques Iln'a personne apres icy.*

Stud. Non.

Phil. Then let vs steale time for this borrowed shape,
Recounting our vnequall haps of late.
Late did the Ocean graspe vs in his armes,
Late did we liue within a stranger ayre:

Late

Late did we see the cinders of great Rome.
We thought that English fugitiues there eate
Gold, for restoratiue, if gold were meate,
Yet now we find by bought experience,
That where so ere we wander vp and downe,
On the round shoulders of this massy world,
Or our ill fortunes, or the worlds ill eye,
For speake our good, procures our misery.
Stud. So oft the Northen winde with frozen wings,
Hath beate the flowers that in our garden grewe:
Throwne downe the stalkes of our aspiring youth,
So oft hath winter nipt our trees faire rind,
That now we seeme nought but two bared boughes,
Scorned by the basest bird that chirps in groaue,
Nor Rome, nor Rhemes that wonted are to giue,
A Cardinall cap, to discontented clarkes,
That haue forsooke the home-bred thanked roofes,
Yeelded vs any equall maintenance:
And, t's as good to starue mongst English swine,
As in a forraine land to beg and pine:
Phil. Ile scorne the world that scorneth me againe.
Stud. Ile vex the world that workes me so much paine.
Phil. Fly lame reuengings power, the world well weenes.
Stud. Flyes haue their spleene, each silly ant his teenes.
Phil. We haue the words they the possession haue.
Stud. We all are equall in our latest graue.
Phil. Soone then: O soone may we both graued be.
Stud. Who wishes death, doth wrong wise destiny,
Phil. It's wrong to force life, loathing men to breath.
Stud. It's sinne for doomed day to wish thy death.
Phil. Too late our soules flit to their resting place.
Stud. Why mans whole life is but a breathing space.
Phil. A painefull minute seemes a tedious yeare.
Stud. A constant minde eternall woes will beare.
Phil. When shall our soules their wearied lodge forego?
Stud. When we haue tyred misery and woe.
Phil. Soone may then fates this gale deliuer send vs.

Small

Small woes vex long, great woes quickly end vs.

But letts leaue this capping of rimes *Studioso*, and follow our late deuise, that wee may maintaine our heads in cappes our bellyes in prouender, and our backs in sadle and bridle: hetherto wee haue sought all the honest meanes wee could to liue, & now let vs dare, *aliquid breuibus gracis*, and *carcere dignum:* let vs run through all the lewd formes of lime-twig purloyning villanies: let vs proue Cony-catchers, Baudes, or any thing, so we may rub out, and first my plot for playing the French Doctor that shall hold: our lodging stands here filthy in shooe lane, for if our commings in be not the better, London may shortly throw an old shoo after vs, and with those shreds of French, that we gathered vp in our hostes house in *Paris*, weele gull the world, that hath in estimation forraine Phisitians, & if any of the hidebound bretheren of Cambridge and Oxforde, or any of those Stigmatick maisters of arte, that abused vs in times past, leaue their owne Phisitians, and become our patients, weele alter quite the stile of them, for they shall neuer hereafter write, your Lordships most bounden: but your Lordships most laxatiue.

Stud. It shall be so, see what a little vermine pouerty altereth a whole milkie disposition.

Phil. So then my selfe streight with reuenge Ile Seate.

Stud. Prouoked patience growes intemperate.

Actus 1. Scena 5.

Enter Richardetto, Iaques, Scholler learning French.

Iaq. How now my little knaue, *quelle nouelle mounsier.*

Richar. Ther's a fellow with a night cap on his head, an vrinal in his hand, would faine speake with master *Theodore.*

Iaq. *Parle Francoyes mouu petit garsoun.*

Richard. *Hy a vn homme aus le bonnet de*
et vn vrinell in la mens, que vint parter.

Iaq. *For bien.* *La teste*

Theod. *Iaques a bonus.* Exeunt. *Theodore.*

Actus.

Actus 1. Scen. 6.

Furor poeticus: and presently after enters Phantasma.

Furor poeticus rapt within comtemplation.

Why how now *Pedant Phœbus*, are you smoutching *Thalia* on her tender lips? There hoie: pesant avant: come Pretty short-nosd nimph: oh sweet *Thalia*, I do kisse thy foote. What *Cleio*? O sweet *Cleio*, nay pray thee do not weepe *Melpomene*. What *Vrania*, *Polimnia*, and *Callisope*, let me doe reuerence to your deities. *Phantasma puls him by the sleeue.*

Fur. I am your holy swaine, that night and day,
Sit for your sakes rubbing my wrinkled browe,
Studying a moneth for one Epithete.
Nay siluer *Cinthia* do not trouble me:
Straight will I thy *Endimions* storie write,
To which thou hastest me on day and night.
You light skirt starres, this is your wonted guise,
By glomy light perke out your doubtfull heads:
But when *Don Phœbus* showes his flashing snout,
You are skie puppies, straight your light is out.

Phan. So ho, *Furor*.
Nay prethee good *Furor* in sober sadnesse.

Furor. *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo.*

Phan. Nay sweet *Furor*, *ipse te Tytire pinus*,

Furor. *Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbusta vocarunt.*
Who's that runs headlong on my quills sharpe point.
That wearied of his life and baser breath,
Offers himselfe to an Iambicke verse.

Phant. *Si quoties peccant homines, sua fulmina mittat*
Iupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit.

Fur. What slimie bold presumptious groome is he,
Dares with his rude audacious hardy chat,
Thus seuer me from skibbered contemplation?

Phant. *Carmina vel cælo possunt deducere lunam.*

Furor. Oh *Phantasma*: what my indiuiduall mate?
O mihi post nullos Furor memorande sodales.

Furor. Say whence commest thou? sent from what deytie?
From great *Apollo*, or slie *Mercurie*?

Phan. I come from the little Mercury, *Ingenioso. For,*
Ingenio pollet cui vim natura negauit.

Furor. Ingenioso?
He is a pretty inuenter of slight prose:
But there's no spirit in his groaueling speach,
Hang him whose verse cannot out-belch the wind:
That cannot beard and braue *Don Eolus*,
That when the cloud of his inuention breakes,
Cannot out-cracke the scar-crow thunderbolt.

Phan. Hang him, I say, *Pendo pependi, tendo tetendi, pedo pepedi.* Will it please you maister *Furor*, to walke with me. I promised to bring you to a drinking Inne in Cheapside, at the signe of the Nagges head, *For,*
Tempore lenta pati fræna docentur equi.

Furor. Passe thee before, Ile come incontinent.

Phan. Nay faith maister *Furor*, lets go togither, *Quoniam Conuenimus ambo.*

Furor. Lets march on vnto the house of fame:
There quaffing bowles of *Bacchus* bloud ful nimbly,
Endite a Tiptoe, strouting poesy.
They offer the way one to the other.

Phan. *Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum,*
Tu maior: tibi me est æquum parere Menalea.

Actus 2. Scena 3.

Enter Philom. Theod. his patient the Burgesse, and his man with his staffe.

Theod. puts on his spectacles.

Mounsciur here are *atomi Natantes*, which doe make shew your worship to be as leacherous as a Bull.

Burg. Truely maister Doctor we are all men.

Theod. This vater is intention of heate, are you not perturbed with an ake in your race, or in your occipit. I meane your head peece, let me feele the pulse of your little finger.

Burg. Ile assure you M. *Theodour*, the pulse of my head beates exceedingly, and I thinke I haue disturbed my selfe by studying the penall statutes.

Theod. Tit, tit, your worship takes cares of your speeches.

Cœcura

O, corpora leues loquuntur, ingentes stupent, it is an Aphorisme in Galen.

Burg. And what is the exposition of that?

Theod. That your worship must take a *gland*, *vt emittatur sanguis*: the signe is for excellent, for excellent.

Burg. Good maister Doctor vse mee gently, for marke you Sir, there is a double consideration to be had of me: first as I am a publike magistrate: secondly as I am a priuate butcher: and but for the worshipfull credit of the place, and office wherein I now stand & liue, I would not hazard my worshipfull apparell, with a suppositor or a glister: but for the countenancing of the place, I must go oftener to stoole, for as a great gentleman told me of good experience, that it was the chiefe note of a magistrate, not to go to the stoole without a phisitiō.

Theo. A, vous ettes vn gentell home vraiment, what ho *Iaques, Iaques, doue vous? vnfort gentel purgation for monsier Burgesse.*

Iaq. *Voste tres humbie seruiture a vostre commandement.*

Theod. *Donne vous vn gentell purge a Monsier Burgesse.* I haue considered of the crasis, and syntoma of your disease, and here is *vnfort gentell purgation per euacuationem excrementorum*, as we Phisitions vse to parlee.

Burg. I hope maister Doctor you haue a care of the countries officer, I tell you I durst not haue trusted my selfe with euery phisition, and yet I am not afraide for my selfe, but I would not depriue the towne of so carefull a magistrate.

Theod. O monsier, I haue a singular care of your valetudo, it is requisite that the French Phisitions be learned and carefull, your English veluet cap is malignant and enuious.

Burg. Here is maister Doctor foure pence your due, and eight pence my bounty, you shall heare from me good maister Doctor, farewell farewell, good maister Doctor.

Theod. Adieu good Mounsier, adieu good Sir mounsier.

Then burst with teares vnhappy graduate:
Thy fortunes still wayward and backward bin:
Nor canst thou thriue by vertue, nor by sinne.

Stud. O how it greeues my vexed soule to see,
Each painted asse in chayre of dignitie:

And yet we grouell on the ground alone,
Running through euery trade, yet thriue by none.
More we must act in this liues Tragedy,
Phi. Sad is the plot, sad the Catastrophe.
Stud. Sighs are the Chorus in our Tragedie.
Phi. And rented thoughts continuall actors be.
Stud. Woe is the subiect. *Phil.* earth the loathed stage.
Whereon we act this fained personage.
Mossy barbarians the spectators be, *most like.*
That sit and laugh at our calamity. (throng,
Phil. Band be those houres when mongst the learned
By Gantaes muddy bancke we whilome song,
Stud. band be that hill which learned wits adore,
Where earst we spent our stock and little store:
Phil. Band be those musty mewes, where we haue spent,
Our youthfull dayes in paled languishment.
Stud. Band be those cosening arts that wrought our woe,
Making vs wandring Pilgrimes too and fro.
Phi. And Pilgrimes must wee bee without reliefe,
And where so ere we run there meetes vs griefe.
Stud. Where euer we tosse vpon this crabbed stage
Griefe's our companion, patience be our page.
Phi. Ah but this patience is a page of ruth,
A tyred lackie to our wandring youth.

Act. 2. Scena. 2.

Academico solus.

Acad. Faine would I haue a liuing, if I could tell how to come by it. *Eccho* Buy it.
Acad. Buy if fond Eccho: why thou dost greatly mistake it.
Ecco. Stake it.
Acad. Stake it, what shall I stake at this game of Simony?
Ecco. Money.
Ac. What is the world a game, are liuings gotten by playing?
Ecco. Paying.
Paying? but say what's the nearest way to come by a liuing?
Eccho. Giuing.
Must his worships fists bee then oyled with Angells?

Eccho.

Ecch. Angells.
Ought his gowty fists then fitst with gold to be greased?
Ecch. Eased.
And is it then such an ease for his asses backe to carry money?
Ecch. I.
Will then this golden asse bestowe a viccarige guilded?
Echo. Gelded.
What shall *I* say to good sir *Roderick* that haue no gold here?
Eccho. Cold cheare.
Ile make it my lone request, that he wold be good to a scholler
Eccho. Choller.
Yea will he be cholericke, to heare of an art or a science?
Eccho. Hence.
Hence with liberal arts, what then wil he do with his chancel?
Eccho. sell.
Sell it? and must a simple clarke be faine to compound then?
Eccho: pounds then.
What if I haue no pounds, must then my sute be proroagued?
Eccho. Roagued.
Yea? giuen to a Roague? shall an asse this vicaridge compasse?
Eccho Asse.
What is the reason that I should not be as forunate as he?
Eccho. Asse he.
Yet for all this, with a peniles purse will I trudg to his worship
Eccho. Words cheape.
Well, if he giue me good words, its more then I haue from an
Eccho. *Eccho.* Go.

Act. 2. Scen. 3.

Amoretto with an *Ouid* in his hand. *Immerito.*

Amor. Take it on the word of a Gentleman thou cannot haue it a penny vnder, thinke ont, thinke ont, while *I* meditate on my faire mistres.
Nunc sequor imperium magne Cupido tuum.
What ere become of this dull thredbare clearke,
I must be costly in my mistresse eye:

Ladies regard not ragged companie.
I will with the reuenues of my chafred church.
First buy an ambling hobby for my faire:
Whose measured pace may teach the world to dance,
Proud of his burden when he gins to praunce:
Then must I buy a iewell for her eare,
A kirtle of some hundred crownes or more:
With these faire gifts when I accompanied goe,
Sheele giue *Iones* breakfast: *Sidney* tearmes it so.
I am her needle: she is my Adamant,
She is my faire rose, I her vnworthy pricke.

Acad. Is there no body heere will take the paines to gelde his mouth?

Amor. She's Cleopatra, I Marke Anthony,

Acad No thou art a meere marke for good wits to shoote at: and in that sute thou wilt make a fine man to dashe poore crowes out of countenance.

Amor. She is my moone, I her Endimion,

Acad. No she is thy shoulder of mutton thou her onyon: or she may be thy Luna, and thou her Lunaticke.

Amor. I her *Æneas*, she my *Dido* is.

Acad. She is thy *Io*, and thou her brasen asse,
Or she Dame *Phaneasy* and thou her gull:
She thy *Pasiphae*, and thou her louing bull.

Act. 2. Scen. 4.

Enter Immerito, and Stercutio his father.

Ster. Sonne, is this the Gentleman that selles vs the liuing?

Im. Fy father thou must not call it selling, thou must say is this the gentleman that must haue the gratuito?

Acad. What haue we here, old true-penny come to towne, to fetch away the liuing in his old greasie slops, then ile none: the time hath beene when such a fellow medled with nothing but his plowshare, his spade, and his hobnailes, and so to a peece of bread and cheese, and went his way: but now these fellowes are growne the onely factors for preferment.

Ster.

Ster. O is this the grating Gentleman, and howe many pounds must I pay?

Im. O thou must not call them pounds, but thankes, and harke thou father, thou must tell of nothing that is done: for I must seeme to come cleere to it.

Acad. Not poundes but thanks: see whether this simple fellow that hath nothing of a scholler, but that the draper hath blackt him ouer, hath not gotten the stile of the time.

Ster. By my faith sonne looke for no more portion.

Im. Well father, I will not, vppon this condition, that when thou haue gotten me the gratuito of the liuing, thou will likewise disburse a little money to the bishops poser, for there are certaine questions I make scruple to be posed in.

Acad. He meanes any question in Latin, which he counts a scruple, oh this honest man could neuer abide this popish tongue of Latine, oh he is as true an English man as liues.

Ster. Ile take the Gentleman now, he is in a good vaine, for he smiles.

Amor. Sweete *Ouid*, I do honour euery page.

Acad. Good *Ouid* that in his life time, liued with the *Getes*, and now after his death conuerseth with a Barbarian.

Ster. God be at your worke Sir: my sonne told me you were the grating gentleman, I am *Stercutio* his father Sir, simple as I stand here.

Acad. Fellow, I had rather giuen thee an hundred pounds then thou should haue put me out of my excellent meditation by the faith of a Gentleman I was wrapt in contemplation.

Im. Sir you must pardon my father he wants bringing vp.

Acad. Marry it seemes he hath good bringing vp, when he brings vp so much money.

Ster. Indeed sir, you must pardon me, I did not knowe you were a Gentleman of the Temple before.

Amor. Well I am content in a generous disposition to beare with country education, but sellowe whats thy name?

Ster. My name Sir, *Stercutio* Sir.

Am. Why thē *Stercutio*, I wold be very willing to be the instrument to my father, that this liuing might be cōferred vpon

your sonne: mary I would haue you know, that I haue bene importuned by two or three seueral Lordes, my Kinde cozins, in the behalfe of some Cambridge man: and haue almost engaged my word. Mary if I shall see your disposition to be more thankfull then other men, I shalbe very ready to respect kind natur'd men: for as the Italian prouerbe speaketh wel, *Chi ha hauta.*

Acad. why here is a gallant young drouer of liuings.

Ster. I beseech you sir speake English, for that is naturall to me & to my sonne, and all our kindred, to vnderstand but one language.

Amor. Why thus in plaine english: I must be respected with thanks.

Acad. This is a subtle tractiue, when thanks may be felt and seene.

Ster. And I pray you Sir, what is the lowest thanks that you will take?

Acad. The verye same Method that he vseth at the buying of an oxe.

Amor. I must haue some odd sprinckling of an hundred pounds, if so, so, I shall thinke you thankfull, and commend your sonne as a man of good gifts to my father.

Acad. A sweete world, giue an hundred poundes, and this is but counted thankfullnesse.

Ster. Harke you Sir, you shall haue 80. thankes.

Amor. I tell thee fellow, I neuer opened my mouth in this kind so cheape before in my life. I tel thee, few young Gentlemen are found, that would deale so kindely with thee as I doe.

Ster. Well Sir, because I know my sonne to be a toward thing, and one that hath taken all his learning on his owne head, without sending to the vniuersitye, I am content to giue you as many thankes as you aske, so you will promise me to bring it to passe.

Amor. I warrant you for that: if I say it once, repayre you to the place, and stay there, for my father, he is walked abroad to take the benefit of the ayre. Ile meete him as he returnes, and make way for your suite. *Exeunt. Ster. Im.*

Actus 2. Scen. 5.

Enter Academico, Amoretto.

Amor. Gallant, I faith.

Acad. I see we schollers fish for a liuing in these shallow foards without a siluer hooke. Why, would it not gal a man to see a spruse gartered youth, of our Colledge a while ago, be a broker for a liuing, & an old Baude for a benefice? This sweet Sir proffered me much kindnesse when hee was of our Colledge, and now Ile try what winde remaines in his bladder. God saue you Sir.

Amor. By the masse I feare me I saw this Genus and Species in Cambridge before now: Ile take no notice of him now: by the faith of a gentleman this is pretty Elegy. Of what age is the day fellow? Syrrha boy, hath the groome saddled my hunting hobby? can Robin Hunter tell where a Hare sits.

Acad. See a poore old friend of yours, of S.( )Colledge in Cambridge.

Am. Good faith sir you must pardon me. I haue forgotten you.

Acad. My name is *Academico* Sir, one that made an oration for you once on the Queenes day, and a show that you got some credit by.

Amor. It may be so, it may bee so, but I haue forgotten it: mary yet I remember there was such a fellow that I was very beneficiall vnto in my time. But howsoeuer Sir, I haue the curtesie of the towne for you. I am sory you did not take me at my fathers house: but now I am in exceeding great haste, for I haue vowed the death of a Hare that we found this morning musing on her meaze.

Acad. Sir I am imboldned, by that great acquaintance that heretofore I had with you, as likewise it hath pleased you heretofore.

Amor. Looke syrrha, if you see my Hobby come hetherward as yet.

Acad. To make me some promises, I am to request your good meditation to the Worshipfull your father, in my behalfe: and I will dedicate to your selfe in the way of thankes, those daies I haue to liue.

Amor. O good sir, if I had knowne your minde before, for my father hath already giuen the induction to a Chaplaine of his owne, to a proper man, I know not of what Vniuersitie he is.

Acad. Signior *Immerito*, they say, hath bidden fairest for it.

Amor. I know not his name, but he is a graue discreet man I warrant him, indeed he wants vtterance in some measure.

Acad. Nay, me thinkes he hath very good vtterance, for his grauitie, for hee came hether very graue, but I thinke he will returne light enough, when he is ridde of the heauy element he carries about him.

Amor. Faith Sir, you must pardon me, it is my ordinary custome to be too studious, my Mistresse hath tolde me of it often, and I find it to hurt my ordinary discourse: but say sweete Sir, do yee affect the most gentle-man-like game of hunting?

Acad. How say you to the crafty gull, hee would faine get mee abroad to make sport with mee in their Hunters tearmes, which we schollers are not acquainted with: sir I haue loued this kinde of sporte, but now I begin to hate it, for it hath beene my luck alwayes to beat the bush, while another kild the Hare.

Amor. Hunters luck, Hunters luck Sir, but there was a fault in your Hounds that did spend well.

Acad. Sir, I haue had worse luck alwayes at hunting the Fox.

Am. What sir, do you meane at the vnkennelling, vntapezing, or earthing of the Fox?

Acad. I meane earthing, if you terme it so, for I neuer found yellow earth enough to couer the old *Fox* your father.

Amor. Good faith sir, there is an excellent skill in blowing for the terriers, it is a word that we hūters vse when the Fox is earthed, you must blow one long, two short, the second winde, one long, two short: now sir in blowing, euery long contai-

neth

neth 7.quauers,one short,containeth 3.quauers.

Acad. Sir might I finde any fauour in my suite, I would winde the horne wherein your bone deserts should bee founded with so many minims,so many quauers.

Amor. Sweet sir, I would I could conferre this or any kindnesse vpon you: I wonder the boy comes not away with my Hobby. Now sir,as I was proceeding: when you blow thy death of your Fox in the field or couert, then must you sound 3.notes,with 3.windes, and recheat: marke you sir, vpon the same with 3.windes.

Acad. I pray you sir.

Amor. Now sir, when you come to your stately gate, as you founded the recheat before, so now you must sound the releefe three times.

Acad. Releefe call you it? it were good euery patron would finde the horne.

Amor. O sir,but your relieſe is your sweetest note,that is sir, when your hounds hunt after a game vnknowne, and then you must sound one long and six short, the second wind, two short and one long, the third wind,one long and two short.

Acad. True sir, it is a very good trade now adayes to be a villaine, I am the hound that hunts after a game vnknowne,& blowes the villaine.

Amor. Sir, I will blesse your eares with a very pretty story, my father out of his owne cost and charges keepes an open table for all kinde of dogges.

Acad. And he keepes one more by thee.

Amor. He hath your Grey-hound, your Mungrell, your Mastife, your Leurier, your Spaniell, your Kennets, Terriers, Butchers dogs,Bloud-hounds,Dunghill dogges,trindle tailes, prick-eard curres, small Ladies puppies, Caches and Bastards.

Acad. What a bawdy knaue hath he to his father, that keepes his *Rachell*, hath his bastards, and lets his sonnes be plaine Ladies puppets,to beray a Ladies Chamber.

Amor. It was my pleasure two dayes ago, to take a gallant leash of Grey-hounds, and into my fathers Parke I went, accompanied with two or three Noble men of my neere ac-

 quaintance,

quaintance, desiring to shew them some of the sport: I caused the Keeper to seuer the rascall Deere, from the Buckes of the first head: now sir, a Bucke the first yeare is a *Fawne*, the second yeare a Pricket, the third yeare a Sorell, the fourth yeare a Soare, the fift a Bucke of the first head, the sixt yeare a compleat Buck: as likewise your Hart is the first yeare a Calfe, the second yeare a Brocket, the third yeare a Spade, the fourth yeare a Stag, the fist yeare a great Stag, the sixt yeare a Hart as likewise the Raw bucke is the first yeare a Kid, the second yeare a Girle, the third yeare a Hemuse: and these are your speciall beasts for chase, or as we huntsmen call it, for venery.

Acad. If chaste be taken for venery, thou art a more speciall beast then any in thy fathers forrest. Sir I am sorry I haue bin so troublesome to you.

Am. I know this was the readiest way to chase away the scholler, by getting him into a subiect he cannot talke of, for his life. Sir I will borrowe so much time of you as to finish this my begunne story. Now sir, after much trauaile we singled a Buck, I roade that same time vpon a Roane gelding, and stood to intercept from the thicket: the buck broke gallantly: my great swift being disaduantaged in his slip was at the first behind, marry presently coted and out stript them, when as the Hart presently descended to the riuer, and being in the water, proferd, and reproferd, and proferd againe: & at last hee vpstarted at the other side of the water which we call soyle of the Hart, and there other Huntsmen met him with an adauntreley: we followed in hard chase for the space of eight hours, thrise our hounds were at default, and then we cryed a slaine, streight so ho: through good reclayming, my faulty hounds found their game againe, and so went through the wood with gallant notice of musicke, resembling so many Violls Degambo: at last the Hart laid him downe, and the Hounds seized vpon him, he groned and wept, and dyed. In good faith it made me weepe too, to thinke of *Acteons* fortune, which my *Ouid* speakes of. *He reades Ouid.*

Militat omnis amans, & habet sua castra cupido.

Acad. Sir, can you put me in any hope of obtaining my suite.

Amo.

Amo. In good faith Sir, if I did not loue you as my soule, I would not make you acquainted with the mysteries of my art.

Acad. Nay, I will not die of a discourse yet, if I can choose.

Amor. So sir, when we had rewarded our Dogges with the small guttes and the lights, and the bloud: the Huntsmen hallowed, so ho, *Venue* a coupler, and so coupled the dogges, and then returned homeward: another company of houndes that lay at aduantage, had their couples cast off and we might heare the Huntsemen cry, *horse, decouple, Auant*, but streight we heard him cry, *le Amond*, and by that I knew that they had the hare and on foote, and by and by I might see sore and resore, prick, and reprick: what is he gone? ha ha ha ha. these schollers are the simplest creatures.

Actus 2. scen. 6.

Enter Amoretto and his Page.

Pag. I wonder whats become of that *Ouid. de arte amandi*, my maister he that for the practise of his discourse is wonte to court his hobby abroad, and at home in his chamber makes a set speech to his greyhound, desiring that most faire and amiable dog to grace his company in a stately galliard, and if the dog, seeing him practise his lusty pointes, as his crospoynt backcaper, chance to beray the reme, he presently doffes his Cap most solemnly, makes a low leg to his ladiship, taking it for the greatest fauour in the world, that she would vouchsafe to leaue her Ciuet box, or her sweet gloue behind her.

Amor. He opens *Ouid* and reades it.

Pag. Not a word more sir ant please you, your Hobby will meete you at the lanes end.

Amo. What *Iack*, faith I cannot but vent vnto thee a most witty iest of mine.

Page. I hope my maister will not breake wind: wilt please you sir to blesse mine eares with the discourse of it.

Am. Good faith, the boy beginns to haue an elegant smack

of my stile: why then thus it was *Iack*: a scuruy meere Cambridge scholler, I know not how to define him.

Page. Nay Maister, let me define a meere scholler: I heard a courtier once define a meere scholler, to be *animal scabiosũ*, that is, a liuing creature that is troubled with the itch: or a meere scholler is a creature that can strike fire in the morning at his tinder-box, put on a paire of lined slippers, sit rewming till dinner, and then goe to his meate when the Bell rings, one that hath a peculiar gift in a cough, and a licence to spit: or if you will haue him defined by negatiues. He is one that cannot make a good legge, one that cannot eate a messe of broth cleanly, one that cannot ride a horse without spur-galling: one that cannot salute a woman, & looke on her directly, one that cannot ———

Am. Inough *Iacke*, I can stay no longer, I am so great in child-birth with this iest: Sirrha, this prædicable, this sauoye groome, because when I was in Cambridge, and lay in a Trundlebed vnder my tutor, I was content in discreet humility, to giue him some place at the Table, and because I inuited the hungry slaue sometimes to my Chamber, to the canuasing of a Turkey pie, or a piece of Venison, which my Lady Grandmother sent me, hee thought himselfe therefore eternally possest of my loue, and came hither to take acquaintance of me, and thought his olde familiarity did continue, and would beare him out in a matter of waight. I could not tell howe to ridde my selfe of the troublesome Burre, then by getting him into the discourse of hunting, and then tormenting him awhile with our words of Arte, the poore Scorpion became speechlesse, and suddenly ramished. These Clearkes are simple fellowes, simple fellowes. *He reades Ouid.*

Page. Simple indeede they are, for they want your courtly composition of a foole and of a knaue. Good faith sir a most absolute iest, but me thinkes it might haue beene followed a little farther.

Am. As how my little knaue?

Pag. Why thus sir, had you inuited him to dinner at your Table, and haue put the caruing of a capon vpon him, you should

ſhould haue ſeene him handle the knife ſo fooliſhly, then run through a iury of faces, then wagging his head, and ſhewing his teeth in familiarity, venter vppon it with the ſame method that he was wont to vntruſſe an apple pye, or tyranniſe an Egge & butter; then would I had applyed him all dinner time with cleane trenchers, cleane trenchers, and ſtill when he had a good bit of meate, I would haue taken it from him, by giuing him a cleane trencher, and ſo haue ſerued him in kindneſſe,

Amo. Well ſaid ſubtle *Iack*, put me in minde when I returne againe, that I may make my lady mother laugh at the Scholler, ile to my game: for you *Iacke*, I would haue you imploy your time till my comming: in watching what houre of the day my hawke mutes. *Exit.*

Page. Is not this an excellent office to bee Apothecary to his worſhips hawke, to ſit ſcouting on the wall, how the Phiſicke workes, and is not my Maiſter an abſolute villaine that loues his Hawke, his Hobby, and his Grey-hound, more then any mortall creature? do but diſpraiſe a feather of his hawes traine, and he writhes his mouth, and ſweares, for hee can doe that onely with a good grace, that you are the moſt ſhallowe braind fellow that liues: do but ſay his horſe ſtales with a good preſence, and hee's your bondſlaue: when he returnes Ile tell twenty admirable lies of his hawke, and then I ſhall bee his little roague, and his white villaine for a whole weeke after. Well let others complaine, but I thinke there is no felicity to the ſeruing of a foole.

Act. 3. Scen. 1.

Sir Rad. Record. Page. Sig. Immerito.

Sir. Rad. Signior *Immeritto*, you remember my caution, for the tithes, & my promiſe for farming my tithes at ſuch a rate.

Im. I, and pleaſe your worſhip Sir.

Sir Rad. You muſt put in ſecurity for the performance of it in ſuch ſort as I and maiſter Recorder ſhall like of.

Im. I will an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Sir. Rad. And becauſe *I* will be ſure that *I* haue conferred this kindneſſe vpon a ſufficient man, *I* haue deſired Maiſter *Recorder* to take examination of you.

Pag. My maister (it seemes) tak's him for a theife, but he hath small reason for it, as for learning it's plaine he neuer stole any, and for the liuing he knowes himselfe how he comes by it, for let him but eate a messe of furmenty this seauen yeare, and yet he shall neuer be able to recouer himselfe: alas poore Sheepe that hath fallen into the hands of such a Fox.

S. Rad. Good maister Recorder take your place by me, and make tryall of his gifts, is the clerke there to recorde his examination, oh the Page shall serue the turne.

Pag. Tryal of his gifts, neuer had any gifts a better trial, why *Immerito* his gifts haue appeared in as many colours, as the Rain-bowe, first to maister *Amoretto* in colour of the Sattine suite he weares: to my Lady in the similitude of a loose gowne: to my maister, in the likenesse of a siluer basen, and ewer: to vs Pages in the semblance of new suites and points. So maister *Amoretto* plaies the gull in a piece of a parsonage: my maister adornes his cupboord with a piece of a parsonage, my mistres vpon good dayes, puts on a piece of a parsonage, and we Pages playe at blow point for a piece of a parsonage, I thinke heer's tryall inough for one mans gifts.

Recor. For as much as nature hath done her part in making you a hansome likely man.

Pag. He is a hansome young man indeed, and hath a proper gelded parsonage.

Recor. In the next place, some art is requisite for the perfection of nature: for the tryall whereof, at the request of my worshipfull friend, I will in some sort propound questions fit to be resolued by one of your profession, say what is a person that was neuer at the vniuersity?

Im. A person that was neuer in the Vniuersity, is a liuing creature that can eate a tithe pigge.

Rec. Very well answer'd, but you should haue added, and must be officious to his patron: write downe that answer to shew his learning in Logick.

Sir Rad: Yea boy write that downe. Very learnedly in good faith, I pray now let me aske you one question that I remēber, whether is the Masculine gēder or the feminine more worthy.

Im. The

Im. The Feminine sir.

Sir Rad. The right answer, the right answer: in good faith I haue beene of that mind alwayes; write boy that, to shew hee is a Grammarian.

Pag. No maruell my maister bee against the Grammer, for he hath alwayes made false Latin in the Genders.

Rec. What Vniuersity are you off?

Im. Of none.

Sir Rad. He tells trueth, to tell trueth is an excellent vertue, Boy make two heads, one for his learning, another for his vertues, and referre this to the head of his vertues, not of his learning.

Pag. What, halfe a messe of good qualities referred to an Asse head?

Sir Rad. Now maister Recorder, if it please you I will examine him in an author, that will sound him to the depth, a booke of Astronomy, otherwise called an Almanacke.

Rec. Very good, Sir *Raderike*, it were to be wished that there were no other booke of humanity, then there would not bee such busie state-prying fellowes as are now a dayes, proceed good sir.

Sir Rad. What is the Dominicall letter?

Im. C. sir, and please your worship.

Sir Rad. A very good answer, a very good answer, the very answer of the booke, write downe that, and referre it to his skill in Philosophy.

Pag. C. the Dominicall letter: it is true, craft and cunning do so dominere: yet rather C and D, are dominicall letters, that is crafty Dunsery.

S. Rad. How many dayes hath September?

Im. Aprill, Iune and Nouember; February hath 28. alone and all the rest hath 30. and one.

S. Rad. Very learnedly in good faith, he hath also a smack in poetry, write downe that boy, to shew his learning in poetry. How many miles from Waltham to London?

Im. Twelue Sir.

S. Rad. How many from Newmarket to Grantham?

Im. Ten Sir.

Pag. Without doubt he hath beene some Carriers horse.

S.Rad. How call you him that is cunning in 1.2.3.4.5.and the Cipher?

Im. A good Arithmatician.

S.Rad. Write downe that answere of his, to shew his learning in Arithmatick.

Pag. He must needs be a good Arithmatician that counted money so lately.

S.Rad. When is the new Moone?

Im. The last quarter the 5.day, at 2.of the clock and 38. minuts in the morning.

S.Rad. Write him downe, how call you him, that is weather-wise?

Recor. A good Astronomer.

S.Rad. Sirrha boy, write him downe for a good Astronomer.

Page. *As Colit astra.*

S.Rad. What day of the month lights the Queenes day on?

Im. The 17.of Nouember.

S.Rad. Boy, referre this to his vertues, and write him downe a good subiect.

Pag. Faith he were an excellent subiect for 2.or 3.good wits, he would make a fine Asse for an Ape to ride vpon.

S.Rad. And these shall suffice for the parts of his learning, now it remaines to try whether you bee a man of good vtterance, that is, whether you can aske for the strayed Heyfer with the white face, as also chide the boyes in the belfrie, and bid the Sexton whippe out the dogges: let mee heare your voyce.

Im. If any man or woman.

S.Rad. Thats too high.

Im. If any man or woman.

S.Rad. Thats too lowe.

Im. If any man or woman, can tell any tidings of a Horse with foure feete, two eares, that did straye about the seuenth houre, three minutes in the forenoone the fift day.

Page. I tooke of a horse iust as it were the Eclipse of the Moone.

S.Rad. Boy write him downe for a good vtterance: Maister Recorder, I thinke he hath beene examined sufficiently.

Rec. I, *Sir Radericke*, tis so, wee haue tride him very throughly.

Pag. I, we haue taken an inuentory of his good parts and prized them accordingly.

S. Rad. Signior *Immerito*, forasmuch as wee haue made a double tryall of thee, the one of your learning, the other of your erudition: it is expedient also in the next place to giue you a fewe exhortations, considering this, greatest Clearks are not the wisest men: this is therefore first to exhort you to abstaine from Controuersies. Secondly not to gird at men of worship, such as my selfe, but to vse your selfe discreetly. Thirdly not to speake when any man or woman coughs: doe so, and in so doing I will perseuer to bee your worshipfull friend and louing patron.

Im. I thanke your worship, you haue beene the deficient cause of my preferment.

Sir Rad. Lead *Immerito* in to my sonne, and let him dispatch him, and remember my tithes to bee reserued, paying twelue pence a yeare. I am going to Moore-fields, to speake with an vnthrift I should meete at the middle Temple about a purchase, when you haue done follow vs. *Exeunt Immerito and the Page.*

Actus 3. Scena 2.

Sir Raderick, and Recorder.

Sir Rad. Harke you Maister Recorder, I haue flesht my prodigall boy notably, notably in letting him deale for this liuing, that hath done him much, much good I assure you.

Recor. You doe well Sir *Radericke*, to bestowe your liuing vpon such an one as will be content to share, and on Sunday to say nothing, whereas your proud Vniuersitie princox thinkes he is a man of such merit, the world cannot sufficiently

 endow

endow him with preferment, an vnthankefull Viper, an vnthankefull viper that will sting the man that reuiued him.

Why ist not strange to see a ragged clarke,
Some stamell weauer or some butchers sonne:
That scrubd a late within a sleeuelesse gowne,
When the commencement, like a morice dance,
Hath put a bell or two about his legges,
Created him a sweet cleane gentleman:
How then he gins to follow fashions.
He whose thin sire dwell in a smokye rouse,
Must take Tobacco and must weare a locke,
His thirsty Dad drinkes in a wooden bowle,
But his sweete selfe is seru'd in siluer plate.
His hungry sire will scrape you twenty legges,
For one good Christmas meale on New-yeares day.
But his mawe must be capon crambd each day,
He must ere long be triple beneficed,
Els with his tongue hee le thunderbolt the world,
And shake each peasant by his deafe-mans eare.
But had the world no wiser men then I,
Weede pen the prating parats in a cage,
A chaire, a candle and a Tinderbox,
A thacked chamber and a ragged gowne,
Should be their lands and whole possessions,
Knights, Lords, & lawyers should be log'd & dwell
Within those ouer stately heapes of stone,
Which doting sires in old age did erect.

Well it were to be wished that neuer a scholler in England might haue aboue forty pound a yeare.

S. Rad. Faith maister *Recorder*, if it went by wishing, there should neuer a one of them all haue aboue twenty a yeare: a good stipend, a good stipend, maister *Recorder*. In the meane time, howsoeuer I hate them all deadly, yet I am faine to giue them good words. Oh they are pestilent fellowes, they speake nothing but bodkins, and pisse vineger. Wel, do what I can in ourward kindnesse to them, yet they do nothing but beray my house: as there was one that made a couple of knauish verses

on

on my country chimney now in the time of my sojourning here at London: and it was thus.

Sir Raderick keepes no chimney Cauelere,
That takes Tobacco aboue once a yeare.

And another made a couple of verses on my daughter that learnes to play on the violl *de gambo*.

Her vyoll *de gambo* is her best content.
For twixt her legges she holds her instrument.

Very knauish, very knauish, if you looke vnto it maister *Recorder*. Nay they haue plaide many a knauish tricke beside with me. Well, tis a shame indeede there should bee any such priuilege for proud beggars as Cambridge, and Oxford are. But let them go, and if euer they light in my hands, if I do not plague them, let me neuer returne home againe to see my wifes waiting mayde.

Recorder. This scorne of Knights is two egregious.

But how should these young colts proue amblers,
When the old heauy galed iades do trot.
There shall you see a puny boy start vp,
And make a theame against common lawyers:
Then the old vnweldy Camels gin to dance,
This fidling boy paying a fit of mirth:
The gray beard scrub, and laugh and cry good, good
To them againe, boy scurdge the barbarians:
But we may giue the loosers leaue to talke,
We haue the coyne, then tell them laugh for mee.
Yet knights and lawyers hope to see the day,
When we may share here their possessions,
And make indentures of their chaffred skins:
Dice of their bones to throw in meriment.

Sir. Rad. O good faith maister Recorder, if I could see that day once.

Rec. Well, remember another day what I say: schollers are pried into of late, and are found to bee busie fellowes, disturbers of the peace, ile say no more, gesse at my meaning, I smell a Rat.

Sir Rad. I hope at length England will be wise enough, I

hope so, I faith, then an old knight may haue his wench in a corner without any Satyres or Epigrams. But the day is farre spent, M. *Recorder*, and I feare by this time the vntrift is arriued at the place appointed in Moore fields, let vs hasten to him *He lookes on his watch.*

Rec. Indeed this dayes subiect transported vs too late, I thinke we shall not come much too late. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scen. 3.

Enter Amoretto, his page, Immerito booted.

Amor. Maister *Immerito* deliuer this letter to the Poser in my fathers name: mary withall some sprinkling, some sprinkling, *verbum sapienti sat est*, farewell maister *Immerito.*

Im. I thanke your worship most heartily.

Page. Is it not a shame to see this old dunce learning his induction at these yeares: but let him go, I loose nothing by him for ile be swome but for the bootye of selling the personage I should haue gone in mine old cloathes this Christmas. A dunce I see is a neighbourlike brute beast, a man may liue by him. *Amor. seemes to make verse.*

Amor. A pox on it, my muse is not so witty as shee was wonte to be, her nose is like, not yet, plague on these mathematikes, they haue spoyled my braine in making a verse.

Pag. Hang me if he hath any more mathematikes then wil serue to count the clocke, or tell the meridian houre by rumbling of his panch.

Am. Her nose is like.

Pag. A coblers shooinghorne.

Am. Her nose is like a beautious maribone.

Pag. Mary a sweete snotty mistres.

Amor. Faith I doe not like it yet: asse as I was to reade a peece of *Aristotle* in greeke yesternight, it hath put me out of my English vaine quite.

Pag. O monstrous lye, let me be a point-trusser while I liue if he vnderstands any tongue but English.

Amor. Sirrha boy remember me when *I* come in Paules Church.

Churchyard to buy a *Ronzard*,& *Dubartas* in French & *Aretine* in Italian,& our hardest writers in spanish, they wil sharpen my wits gallantly. I do rellish these tongues in some sort. Oh now I do remēber I heare a report of a Poet newly come out in Hebrew,it is a pritty harsh tongue, & rellish a Gentleman traueller,but come letts haste after my father, the fieldes are fitter to heauenly meditations. *Exeunt.*

*Pag.*My maisters,I could wish your presence at an admirable iest, why presently this great linguist my Maister,will march through Paules Church-yard. Come to a booke binders shop,and with a big Italian looke and spanish face aske for these bookes in spanish and Italian, then turning through his ignorance,the wrong ende of the booke vpward vse action, on this vnknowne tongue after this sort,first looke on the title and wrinckle his brow, next make as though he read the first page and bites a lip,then with his naile score the margent as though there were some notable conceit, and lastly when he thinkes hee hath gulld the standers by sufficiently,throwes the booke away in a rage,swearing that he could neuer finde bookes of a true printe since he was last in *Iendna*, enquire after the next marte,and so departs. And so must I, for by this time his contemplation is arriued at his mistres nose end, he is as glad as if he had taken *Ostend* : by this he beginnes to spit,and crie boy,carry my cloake : and now I goe to attend on his worship.

Act, 2. Scen. 4.

Enter Ingenioso,Furor,Phantasma.

*Ing.*Come laddes, this wine whets your resolution in our designe: it's a needy world with subtill spirits, and there's a gentle manlike kind of begging, that may beseeme Poets in this age.

Fur. Now by the wing of nimble Mercury,
By my Thalias siluer sounding harpe:
By that celestiall fire within my braine,

That

That gives a liuing genius to my lines:
How ere my duiled intellectuall.
Capres lesse nimbly then it did afore,
Yet will I play a hunt's vp to my muse:
And make her mount from out her sluggish nest,
As high as is the highest spheere in heauen:
Awake you paltry trulles of *Helicon*,
Or by this light, Ile Swagger with you streight:
You grand-sire *Phœbus* with your louely eye,
The firmaments eternall vagabond,
The heauens promotor that doth peepe and prye,
Into the actes of mortall tennis balls.
Inspire me streight with some rare delicies,
Or Ile dismount thee from thy radiant coach:
And make thee poore Cutchy here on earth.

Phan. Currus auriga paterni.

Ing. Nay prethee good *Furor*, do not roaue in rimes before thy time: thou hast a very terrible roaring muse, nothing but squibs & fine ierkes, quiet thy selfe a while, & heare thy charge.

Phan. Huc ades hæc, animo concipe dicta tuo.

Ingeni. Let vs on to our deuise, our plot, our proiect. That old Sir *Raderick*, that new printed *compendum* of all iniquity, that hath not aired his countrey Chimney once in 3. winters: he that loues to liue in an od corner here at London, & effect an odde wench in a nooke, one that loues to liue in a narrow roome, that he may with more facilitie in the darke, light vpon his wifes waiting maide, one that loues a life a short sermon & a long play, one that goes to a play, to a whore, to his bedde in Circle, good for nothing in the world but to sweat night caps, and foule faire lawne shirts, feed a few foggie seruing men, and preferre dunces to liuings. This old Sir *Raderick* (*Furor*) it shall be thy taske to cudgell with thy thick thwart termes, and then if he will not vnty his purse strings, of his liberality, sting him with termes laid in *Aqua fortis* and Gunpowder.

Furor. In noua fert animus mutatas dicere formas.

The Seruile current of my sliding verse,
Gentle shall runne into his thick skind eares:

Where

Where it shall dwell like a magnifico,
Command his slimie spright to honour me:
For my high tiptoe strouting poesie.
But if his starres hath fauour'd him so ill,
As to debarre him by his dunghil thoughts,
Iustly to esteeme my verses lowting pitch:
If his earth wroting snout shall gin to scorne,
My verse shall giueth immortality:
Then, *Bella per Emathios.*

Phan. *Furor arma ministrat.*

Furor. Ile shake his heart vpon my verses point,
Rip out his guts with riuing poinard:
Quarter his credit with a bloudy quill.

Phan. *Calami, Atramentum, charta, libelli,*
Sunt semper studijs arma parata tuis.

Ing. Inough *Furor*, wee know thou art a nimble swaggerer with a goose quill: now for you *Phantasma*, leaue trussing your points and listen. *Phan. Omne tulit punctum.*

Ing. Marke you *Amoretto* Sir *Radericks* sonne, to him shall thy piping poetry and sugar ends of verses be directed: he is one, that will draw out his pocket glasse thrise in a walke, one that dreames in a night of nothing, but muske and ciuet, and talke of nothing all day long but his hawke, his hound, and his mistresse, one that more admires the good wrinckle of a boote, the curious crinkling of a silke stocking, then all the wit in the world: one that loues no scholler but him whose tyred eares can endure halfe a day togither his sliblow sonnettes of his mistresse, and her louing pretty creatures, her munckey and her puppet: it shall be thy taske (*Phantasma*) to cut this gulles throate with faire tearmes, and if he hold fast for all thy iugling rhetoricke, fall at defiance with him, and the poking sticke he weares.

Phan. *Simul extulit ensem.*

Ing. Come braue nimphs, gather vp your spirits, and let vs march on like aduenturous knights, and discharge a hundreth poeticall spirits vpon them.

Phan. *Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo.* *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scen. 5.

Enter Philomusus, Studioso.

Stud. Well *Philomusus*, we neuer scaped so faire a scouring: why yonder are pursuiants out for the French Doctor, and a lodging bespoken for him and his man in Newgate. It was a terrible feare that made vs cast our haire.

Phil. And canst thou sport at our calamities?
And counteſt vs happy to scape prisonment?
Why the wide world that blesseth some with waile,
Is to our chained thoughts a darkesome gaile:

Stud. Nay prethee friend, these wonted termes forgo,
He doubles griefe that comments on a wo.

Phil. Why do foul men terme it impiety?
To send a wearisome sad grudging Ghost,
Vnto his home, his long, long, lasting home?
Or let them make our life lesse greeuous be,
Or suffer vs to end our misery.

Stud. Oh no, the Sentinell his watch must keepe,
Vntill his Lord do licence him to sleepe:

Phil. It's time to sleepe within our hollow graues,
And rest vs in the darkesome wombe of earth:
Dead things are graued, and bodies are no lesse,
Pined and forlorne, like Ghostly carcases.

Stud. Not long this tappe of loathed life can runne,
Soone commeth death, and then our woe is done.
Meane time, good *Philomusus* be content,
Lets spend our dayes in hopefull merriment.

Phil. Curst be our thoughts whēere they dreame of hope:
Band be those haps that henceforth flatter vs,
When mischiefe doggs vs still and still for aye,
From our first birth, vntill our burying day.
In our first gamesome age, our doting sires,
Carked and cared to haue vs lettered:
Sent vs to Cambridge, where our oyle is spent?
Vs our kinde Colledge from the teate did teare:
And for'st vs walke before we weaned were,
From that time since waudred haue we still:

In the wide world, vrg'd by our forced will,
Nor euer haue we happy fortune tryed:
Then why should hope with our tent state abide?
Nay let vs run vnto the basefull caue,
Pight in the hollow ribbes of craggy cliffe,
Where dreary Owles do shrike the liue-long night,
Chasing away the byrdes of chearefull light:
Where yawning Ghosts do howle In ghastly wise,
Where that dull hollow ey'd, that staring syre,
Yclept *Dispaire* hath his sad mansion.
Him let vs finde, and by his counsell we,
Will end our too much yrked misery.

Stud. To waile thy haps, argues a dastard minde.
Phil. To beare too long, argues an asses kinde.
Stud. Long since the worlds chance of the die was cast,
Phil. But why should that word *worse* so long time last?
Stud. Why dost *thou* now these sleepie plaints commence?
Phil. Why should I ere be dulld with patience?
Stud. Wise folke do beare with, strugling cannot mend.
Phil. Good spirits must with thwarting fates contend.
Stud. Some hope is left our fortunes to redresse,
Phil. No hope but this, ere to be comfortlesse,
Stud. Our liues remainder gentler hearts may finde.
Phil. The gentlest hearts to vs will proue vnkind.

Act. 4. Scen. 1.

Sir Radericke and Prodigo, at one corner of the Stage. Recor. and Amoretto at the other. Two Pages scouring of Tobacco pipes.

Sir Rad. M. Prodigo. M. Recorder hath told you lawe, your land is forfeited: and for me not to take the forfeiture, were to breake the Queenes law, for marke you, its law to take the forfeiture: therfore not to breake it is to breake the Queenes law, and to breake the Queenes law is not to be a good subiect, and I meane to bee a good subiect. Besides, I am a Iustice of the peace, and being Iustice of the peace I must do iustice, that is

law, that is to take the forfeiture, especially having taken notice of it. Marry Maister *Prodigo*, here are a fewe shillings, ouer and besides the bargaine.

Prod. Pox on your shillings, sblood a while ago, before he had me in the lurch, who but my coozen *Prodigo*, you are welcome my coozen *Prodigo*, take my coozen *Prodigoes* horse, a cup of Wine for my coozen *Prodigo*, good faith you shall sit here good coozen *Prodigo*, a cleane trencher for my coozen *Prodigo*, haue a speciall care of my coozen *Prodigoes* lodging: now maister *Prodigo* with a pox, and a few shillings, for a vantage, a plague on your shillings, pox on your shillings, if it were not for the Sergeant which dogges me at my heeles, a plague on your shillings, pox on your shillings, pox on your selfe & your shillings, pox on your worship, if I catch thee at *Ostend*: I dare not staye for the Sergeant. *Exit*

S.Rad.pag. Good faith Maister *Prodigo* is an excellent fellow, he takes the *Gulan ebullitio* so excellently.

Amor.Page. He is a good liberall Gentleman, he hath bestowed an ounce of Tobacco vpon vs, and as long as it lasts, come cut and long-taile, weele spend it as liberally for his sake.

S.Rad.Page. Come fill the Pipe quickly, while my maister is in his melancholie humour, it's iust the melancholy of a Colliers horse

Amor. page If you cough *Iacke* after your Tobacco, for a punishment you shall kisse the Pantofle.

S. Rad. It's a foule ouer-sight, that a man of worship cannot keepe a wench in his house. but there must be muttering and surmising: it was the wiseft saying that my father euer vttered, that a wife was the name of necessitie, not of pleasure: for what do men marry for, but to stocke their ground, and to haue one to looke to the linnen, sit at the vpper end of the table, and carue vp a Capon: one that can weare a hood like a Hawke, and couer her foule face with a Fanne: but there's no pleasure alwayes to be tyed to a piece of Mutton, sometimes a messe of stewd broth will do well, and an vnlac'd Rabbet is best of all: well for mine owne part, I haue no great cause to complaine, for I am well prouided of three bounsing wenches

ches, that are mine owne fee-simple: one of them I am presently to visit, if I can rid my selfe cleanly of this company. Let me see how the day goes: (*hee puls his Watch out.*) precious coales, the time is at hand, I must meditate on an excuse to be gone.

Record. That which I say, is grounded on the Statute I spake of before, enacted in the raigne of *Henry* the 6.

Amor. It is a plaine case, whereon I mooted in our Temple, and that was this: put case there be three bretheren, *Iohn a Nokes*, *Iohn a Nash*, and *Iohn a Stile*: *Iohn a Nokes* the elder, *Iohn a Nash* the younger, *Iohn a Stile* the youngest of all, *Iohn a Nash* the yonger a dyeth without issue of his body lawfully begotten: whether shall his lands ascend to *Iohn a Noakes* the elder, or discend to *Iohn a Stile* the youngest of all? The answer is: The lands do collaterally descend, not ascend.

Recor. Very true, and for a proofe hereof I will shew you a place in *Littleton*, which is very pregnant in this point.

Actus. 4. Scena. 2.

Enter Ingenioso, Furor, Phantasma.

Ing. Ile pawne my witts, that is, my reuenues, my land, my money, and whatsoeuer I haue, for I haue nothing but my wit, that they are at hand: why any sensible snout may winde M. *Amoretto* and his Pomander, M. *Recorder* & his two neates feete that weare no sockes, Sir *Raderick* by his rammish complection. *Olet Gorgonius hircum, S't Lupus in fabula. Furor* fire the Touch-box of your witte: *Phantasma*, let your inuentiō play trickes like an Ape: begin thou *Furor*, and open like a phlaphmouthd Hound: follow thou *Phantasma* like a Ladies Puppy: and as for me, let me alone, Ile come after like a Water-dogge that wil shake them off, when I haue no vse of them. My maisters, the watch-word is giuen. *Furor* discharge.

Furor to *S. Rad.*
The great proiector of the thunder-bolts,
He that is wont to pisse whole clouds of raine,
Into the earth vast gaping vrinall.
Which that one ey'd subsiser of the skie,

Don Phœbus empties by calidity:
He and his Townesmen *Planets* brings to thee,
Most fatty lumpes of earths facility.

S.Rad. Why will this sellowes English breake the Queenes peace, I will not seeme to regard him.

Phan. Mecœnas atauis edite regibus,
to Am. O et præsidium, et dulce decus meum.
Dij faciant votis vela secunda tuis.

Inge. God saue you good maister Recorder, and good fortunes follow your deserts: I thinke I haue curst him sufficiently in few words.

S.Rad. What haue we here, three begging Souldiers, come you from *Ostend*, or from *Ireland*.

Pag. Cuium pecus, an Melibei? I haue vented all the Latin one man had.

Phan. Quid dicam amplius & domini similis or.

Amor. pag. Let him alone I pray thee, to him againe, tickle him there.

Phan. Quam dispari domino dominaris!

Rec. Nay thats plaine in *Littleton*, for if that fee-simple, and the fee taile be put together, it is called hotch potch: now this word hotch potch in English is a pudding, for in such a pudding is not cõmõly one thing only, but one thing with another

Amor. I thinke I do remember this also at a mooting in our Temple: so then this hotch potch seemes a terme of similitude.

Furor to Great *Capricornus*, of the head take keepe,
S.*Rad.* Good *Virgo* watch, while that thy worship sleepe.
And when thy swelling vents amaine,
Then *Pisces* be thy sporting Chamberlaine.

S.Rad. I thinke the diuell hath sent some of his family to torment me.

Amor. There is taile generall and taile speciall, and *Littleton* is very copious in that theame: for taile generall is, when land are giuen to a man, and his heyres of his body begotten: Taile speciall, is when lands are giuen to a man, and to his wife, & to the heyres of their two bodies lawfully begotten, and that is called Taile speciall.

S.Rad.

S.Rad. Very well, and for his oath I will giue a distinction: there is a materiall oath, and a formall oath: the formall oath may be broken, the materiall may not be broken: for marke you sir, the law is to take place before the conscience, & therfore you may, vsing me your counceller, cast him in the sute: there wants nothing to the full meaning of this place,

Phan. Nihil hic nisi carmina desunt.

Ing. An excellent obseruation in good faith, see how the old Fox teacheth the yong Cub to worry a sheepe, or rather sits himselfe like an old Goose, hatching the adle braine of maister *Amoretto*: there is no foole to the Sattin foole, the Veluet foole, the perfumde foole, and therefore the witty Tailors of this age, put them vnder colour of kindnesse into a paire of cloath-bagges, where a voyder will not serue the turne: & there is no knaue to the barbarous knaue, the moulting knaue, the pleading knaue: what ho M. *Recorder*? Maister *Nouerint vniuersi per presentes*, not a word he, vnlesse he seele it in his fist.

Phan. Mitto tibi metulas, cancros imitare legendo.

S.Rad. to *Furor*: Fellow what art thou that art so bold?

Fur. I am the bastard of great *Mercury*,
Got on *Thalia* when she was a sleepe:
My Gawdy Grandsire great *Apollo* high,
Borne was I heare, but that my luck was ill,
To all the land vpon the forked hill.

Phant. O crudelis Alexi nil mea carmina curas?
Nil nostri miserere mori me deinq́, coges?

S.Rad.Pag. If you vse them thus, my maister is a Iustice of peace, and will send you all to the Gallowes.

Phant. Hei mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo.

Ing. Good maister *Recorder*, let mee retaine you this terme for my cause, for my cause good maister *Recorder*.

Recor. I am retained already on the contrary part, I haue taken my fee, be gon, be gon.

Ing. It's his meaning I should come off: why here is the true stile of a villaine, the true faith of a Lawyer: it is vsuall with them to be bribed on the one side, and then to take a fee

of

of the other: to plead weakely and to be bribed and rebribed on the one side, then to be feed and refeed of the other, till at length, *per varios casus*, by putting the case so often, they make their client so lanke, that they may case them vp in a combe case, and pack them home from the tearme, as though he had trauelled to London to sell his horse onely, and hauing lost their fleeces, liue afterward like poore shorne sheepe.

Furor. The Gods aboue that know great *Furors* fame,
And do adore grand poet *Furors* name:
Granted long since at heauens high parliament,
That who so *Furor* shal immortalize,
No yawning goblins shall frequent his graue,
Nor any bold presumptuous curr shall dare
To lift his legge against his sacred dust.
Where ere I haue my rymes, thence vermin fly
All, sauing that foule fac'd vermin pouerty.
This sucks the eggs of my inuention:
Euacuates my witts full pigeon house.
Now may it please thy generous dignity,
To take this vermin napping as he lyes,
In the true trappe of liberality:
Ile cause the Pleiades to giue thee thanks,
Ile write thy name within the sixteenth spheare:
Ile make the Antarticke pole to kisse thy toa,
And *Cinthia* to do homage to thy tayle.

Sir Rad. Pretious coles, thou a man of worship and Iustice too? It's euen so, he is ether a madde man or a coniurer: it were, well if his words were examined, to see if they be the Queenes (or no.

Phan. Nunc si nos audis vt qui es diuinus Apollo,
Dic mihi, qui nummos non habet vnde petat?

Amor. I am stil haunted with these needy Lattinist fellowes: the best counsell I can giue, is to be gone.

Phan. *Quod peto da Caie, non peto consilium.*

Am. Fellow looke to your braines: you are mad, you are mad.

Phan. *Semel insaniuimus omnes.*

Am. Maister Recorder, is it not a shame that a gallant cannot walke the streete quietly for needy fellowes, and that, after there

there is a statute come out against begging?

He strikes his brest.

Phant. Pectora percussit, pectus quoq; robora fiunt.

Recor. I warrant you, they are some needy *graduates*: the Vniuersity breakes winde twise a yeare, and lets flie such as these are.

Ing. So ho maister Recorder, you that are one of the Diuels fellow commoners, one that sizeth the Deuils butteries, sinnes and periuries very lauishly: one that are so deare to *Lucifer*, that he neuer puts you out of commons for non paiment: you that liue like a sumner vpon the sinnes of the people: you whose vocation serues to enlarge the territories of Hell, that (but for you) had beene no bigger then a paire of Stockes or a Pillorie: you that hate a scholler, because he descries your Asses eares: you that are a plague stuffed Cloake-bagge of all iniquitie, which the grand Seruing-man of Hell will one day trusse vp behind him, and carry to his smokie Warde-robe.

Recor. What frantick fellow art thou, that art possest with the spirit of malediction?

Furor. Vile muddy clod of base vnhallowed clay,
Thou slimie sprighted vnkinde Saracen:
When thou wert borne, dame *Nature* cast her Calfe,
Forrage and time had made thee a great Oxe,
And now thy grinding iawes deuoure quite,
The fodder due to vs of heauenly spright.

Phant. Nefasto te posuit die quicunque primum et sacrilega manu,
Produxit arbos in nepotum perniciem ob proprium que pugi.

Ingeni. I pray you *Monseiur Ploidon*, of what Vniuersitie was the first Lawyer of, none forsooth, for your Lawe is ruled by reason, and not by Arte: great reason indeed that a Ploydenist should bee mounted on a trapt Palfrey, with a round Veluet dish on his head, to keepe warme the broth of his witte, and a long Gowne, that makes him looke like a *Cedant arma toga*, whilest the poore *Aristotelians* walke in a shorte cloake and a close *Venetian* hoase, hard by the

Oyster-wifes and the silly Poet goes muffled in his Cloake to escape the Counter. And you Maister *Amoretto*, that art the chiefe Carpenter of Sonets, a priuileged Vicar for the lawlesse marriage of Inke and Paper, you that are good for nothing but to commend in a sette speach, to colour the quantitie of your Mistresses stoole, and sweare it is most sweete Cruet: it's fine when that Puppet-player *Fortune*, must put such a Birchen-lane post in so good a suite, such an Asse in so good fortune.

Amor. Father shall I draw?

Sir Rad. No sonne, keepe thy peace, and hold the peace.

Iug. Nay do not draw, least you chance to bepisse your (credit.

Furor. Flectere si nequeo superos, Cheronta monebo.

Fearefull *Megara* with her snakie twine,
Was cursed dam vnto thy damned selfe:
And *Hircan tigers* in the desert Rockes,
Did foster vp thy loathed hatefull life,
Base *Ignorance* the wicked cradle rockt,
Vile *Barbarisme* was wont to dandle thee:
Some wicked hell-hound tutored thy youth,
And all the grisly sprights of griping hell,
With mūming looke hath dogd thee since thy birth:
See how the spirits do houer ore thy head,
As thick as gnattes in summer euening tide,
Balefull *Alecto*, preethe stay a while,
Till with my verses I haue rackt his soule:
And when thy soule departs a Cock may be,
No blanke at all in hells great Lotterie.
Shame sits and howles vpon thy loathed graue,
And howling vomit vp in filthy guise,
The hidden stories of thy villanies.

Sir. Rad. The Deuill my maisters, the diuell in the likenesse of a poet, away my Maisters away. *Exit.*

Phan. *Arma virumq; cano, Quem fugis ah demens?*

Amor. Base dog, it is not the custome in Italy to draw vpon euery idle cur that barkes, and did it stand with my reputatiō: oh, well go too, thanke my father for your liues.

Iug

Ing. Fond gull whom I would vndertake to bastinado quickly, though there were a musket planted in thy mouth, are not you the yong drouer of Iuings *Academico* told me of, that hants steple faires. Base worme must thou needes discharge thy craboun to batter downe the walls of learning.

Amor. I thinke I haue committed some great sinne against my Mistris, that *I* am thus tormented with notable villaines bold pesants I scorne, I scorne them.

Furor to Recor.
Nay pray thee good sweet diuell do not thou part,
I like an honest deuill that will shew
Himselfe in a true hellish smokey hew:
How like thy snout is to great Lucifers?
Such tallants had he, such a gleering eye,
And such a cunning slight in villany.

Recor. Oh the impudency of this age, and if *I* take you in my quarters.

Furor Base slaue ile hang thee on a crossed time,
And quarter.

Ing. He is gone, *Furor*, stay thy fury.

S. Rad. Pag. I pray you gentlemē giue 3. groats for a shilling

Amo. Pag: What will you giue me for a good old sute of apparell?

Phan. Habet et musca splenem, et formicæ sua bilis inest.

Ing. Gramercy good lads: this is our share in happines, to torment the happy: lets walke a long and laugh at the iest, its no staying here long, least *Sir Radericks* army of Bayliffes and clownes be sent to apprehend vs,

Phan. Procul hinc, procul ite prophani.
Ile lash Apollon selfe with ierking hand,
Vnlesse he pawne his wit to buy me lands

Act. 4. Scen, 5.
Burbage. Kempe.

Bur. Now *Will Kempe*, if we can intertaine these schollers at a low rate, it wil be well, they haue oftentimes a good conceite in a part.

Kempe Its true indeede, honest *Dick*, but the slaues are somewhat proud, and besides, it is a good sport in a part, to see them neuer speake in their walke, but at the end of the stage, iust as though in walking with a fellow we should neuer speake but at a stile, a gate, or a ditch, where a man can go no further. I was once at a Comedie in Cambridge, and there I saw a parasite make faces and mouths of all sorts on this fashion.

Bur. A little teaching will mend these faults, and it may bee besides they will be able to pen a part.

Kemp. Few of the vniuersity pen plaies well, they smell too much of that writer *Ouid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much of *Proserpina* & *Iuppiter*. Why heres our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I and *Ben Ionson* too. O that *Ben Ionson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought vp *Horace* giuing the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath giuen him a purge that made him beray his credit:

Bur. Its a shrewd fellow indeed: I wonder these schollers stay so long, they appointed to be here presẽtly that we might try them: oh here they come.

Stud. Take heart, these lets our clouded thoughts refine,
The sun shines brightest when it gins decline.

Bur. M. *Phil.* and M. *Stud.* God saue you.

Kemp. M. *Pil.* and M. *Otioso*, well met,

Phil. The same to you good M. *Burbage*. What M. *Kempe* how doth the Emperour of Germany?

Stud. God saue you M. *Kempe*: welcome M. *Kempe* from dancing the morrice ouer the Alpes,

Kemp. Well you merry knaues you may come to the honor of it one day, is it not better to make a foole of the world as I haue done, then to be fooled of the world, as you schollers are? But be merry my lads, you haue happened vpon the most excellent vocation in the world for money: they come North and South to bring it to our playhouse, and for honours, who of more report, then *Dick Burbage* & *Will: Kempe*, he is not coũted a Gentleman, that knowes not *Dick Burbage* & *Wil Kemp*, there's not a country wench that can dance Sellengers Round but can talke of *Dick Burbage* and *Will Kempe*.

Phil.

Phil. Indeed M. *Kempe* you are very famous, but that is as well for workes in print as your part in kne.

Kempe. You are at Cambridge still with see kne, and be lusty humorous poets, you must vntrusse, I road this my last circuit, purposely because I would be iudge of your actions.

Bur. M. *Stud.* I pray you take some part in this booke and act it, that I may see what will fit you best. I thinke your voice would serue for *Hieronimo*, obserue how I act it and then imitate mee.

Stud. Who call *Hieronimo* from his naked bed?
And &c.

Bur. You will do well after a while.

Kemp. Now for you, me thinkes you should belong to my tuition, and your face me thinkes would be good for a foolish Mayre or a foolish iustice of peace: marke me. ——— Forasmuch as there be two states of a common-wealth, the one of peace, the other of tranquility: two states of warre, the one of discord, the other of dissention: two states of an incorporation, the one of the Aldermen, the other of the Brethren: two states of magistrates, the one of gouerning, the other of bearing rule, now, as I said euen now for a good thing, thing cannot be said too often: Vertue is the shooinghorne of iustice, that is, vertue is the shooinghorne of doing well that is, vertue is the shooinghorne of doing iustly, it behoueth mee and is my part to commend this shooinghorne vnto you. I hope this word shooinghorne doth not of any of you my worshipfull brethren, for you beeing the worshipfull headsmen of the towne, know well what the horne meaneth, Now therefore I am determined not onely to teach but also to instruct, not onely the ignorant, but also the simple, not onely what is their duty towards their betters, but also what is their dutye towards their superiours: come let me see how you can doe, sit downe in the chaire.

Phil. Forasmuch as there be. &c.

Kemp. thou wilt do well in time, if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is by my selfe, and such graue Aldermen of the playhouse as I am.

Bur. I like your face, and the proportion of your body for *Richard* the 3. I pray M. *Phil.* let me see you act a little of it.

Phil. Now is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by the sonne of Yorke.

Bur. Very well I assure you, well M. *Phil.* and M. *Stud.* wee see what ability you are of: I pray walke with vs to our fellows, and weele agree presently.

Phil. We will follow you straight M. *Burbage.*

Kempe. Its good manners to follow vs, Maister *Phil.* and Maister *Otioso.*

Phil. And must the basest trade yeeld vs reliefe?
Must we be practis'd to those leaden spouts,
That nought downe vent but what they do receiue?
Some fatall fire hath scorcht our fortunes wing,
And still we fall, as we do vpward spring:
As we striue vpward to the vaulted skie,
We fall and feele our hatefull destiny.

Stud. Wonder it is sweet friend thy pleading breath,
So like the sweet blast of the southwest wind,
Melts not those rockes of yce, those mounts of woe,
Congeald in frozen hearts of men below.

Phil. Wonder as well thou maist why mongst the waues,
Mongst the tempestuous waues on raging sea,
The wayling Marchant can no pitty craue.
What cares the wind and weather for their paines?
One strikes the sayle, another turnes the same,
He shakes the maine, an other takes the Ore,
An other laboureth and taketh paine,
To pumpe the sea into the sea againe.
Still they take paines, still the loud windes do blowe
Till the ships prouder mast be layd belowe:

Stu. Fond world that nere thinkes on that aged man,
That *Ariostoes* old swift paced man,
Whose name is Tyme, who neuer lins to run,
Loaden with bundles of decayed names,
The which in Lethes lake he doth intombe,
Saue onely those which swanlike schollers take,

And

And doe deliuer from that greedy lake.
Inglorious may they liue, inglorious die,
That suffer learning liue in misery.

Phil. What caren they, what fame their ashes haue,
When once their coopt vp in silent graue?

Stud. If for faire fame they hope not when they dye,
Yet let them feare graues stayning Infamy.

Phil. Their spendthrift heires will those firebrands quench
Swaggering full moistly on a tauernes bench.

Stud. No shamed sire for all his glosing heire,
Must long be talkt of in the empty ayre.

Stud. Beleeue me thou that art my second selfe,
My vexed soule is not disquieted,
For that I misse, is gaudy painted state,
Whereat my fortunes fairely aim'd of late.
For what am I, the meanest of many mo,
That earning profit are repaide with wo?
But this it is that doth my soule torment,
To thinke so many actiueable wits,
That might contend with proudest birds of *Po*,
Sits now immur'd within their priuate cells,
Drinking a long lank watching candles smoake,
Spending the marrow of their flowring age,
In fruitelesse poring on some worme eate leafe:
When their deserts shall seeme of due to claime,
A cheerefull crop of fruitfull swelling sheafe,
Cockle their harnest is, and weeds their graine,
Contempt their portion their possession paine:

Stud. Schollers must frame to liue at a low sayle,

Phil. Ill sayling where there blowes no happy gale.

Stud. Our ship is ruin'd, all her tacklin rent,

Phil. And all her gaudy furniture is spent.

Stud. Teares be the waues whereon her ruines bide.

Phil. And sighes the windes that wastes her broken side.

Stud. Mischiefe the Pilot is the ship to steare.

Phil. And Wo the passenger this ship doth beare.

Stud. Come *Philomusus*, let vs breake this chat,

Phil.

Phil. And breake my heart, oh would I could breake that,
Stud. Lets learne to act that Tragick part we haue.
Phil. Would I were silent actor in my graue.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Phil. & Stud. become Fidlers with their consorts.

Phil. And tune fellow Fiddlers, *Studioso* & I are ready. (*they tune.*
Stud: going aside sayeth.
Fayre fell good *Orpheus*, that would rather be
King of a mole hill, then a Keysars slaue:
Better it is mongst fidlers to be chiefe,
Then at plaiers trencher beg reliefe.
But ist not strange this mimick apes should prize
Vnhappy Schollers at a hireling rate.
Vile world, that lifts them vp to hye degree,
And treades vs downe in groueling misery.
England affordes those glorious vagabonds,
That carried earst their fardels on their backes,
Coursers to ride on through the gazing streetes,
Sooping it in their glaring Satten suites,
And Pages to attend their maisterships:
With mouthing words that better wits haue framed,
They purchase lands, and now Esquiers are made.
Phil. What ere they seeme being euen at the best,
They are but sporting fortunes cornfull iests.
Stud. So merry fortune is wont from ragges to take,
Some ragged grome, and him some gallant make.
Phil. The world and fortune hath playd on vs too long.
Stud. Now to the world we fiddle must a song.
Phil. Our life is a playne song with cunning pend,
Whose highest pitch in lowest base doth end.
But see our fellowes vnto play are bent:
If not our mindes, letts tune our instrument.
Stud. Letts in a priuate song our cunning try,
Before we sing to strangest company.

Phil.

Phil. sings. They tune.

HOw can he sing whose voyce is hoarse with care?
How can he play whose heart strings broken are?
How can he keepe his rest that nere found rest?
How can he keepe his time whome time nere blest?
Onely he can in sorrow beare a parte,
With vntaught hand, and with vntuned hart.
Fond arts farewell, that swallowed haue my youth.
Adiew vayne muses, that haue wrought my ruth.
Repent fond syre that trayn'd'st thy happlesse sonne,
In learnings loare, since bounteous almes are done.
Cease, cease harsh tongue, vntuned musicke rest:
Intombe thy sorrowes in thy hollow breast.

Stud. Thankes *Phil.* for thy pleasant song,
Oh had this world a tutch of iuster griefe,
Hard rockes would weepe for want of our releise.

Phil. The cold of wo hath quite vntun'd my voyce,
And made it too too harsh for listining eare:
Time was in time of my young fortunes spring,
I was a gamesome boy and learned to sing.

But say fellow musitians, you know best whether we go, at what dore must we imperiously beg.

Iack. fid. Here dwells Sir *Raderick* and his sonne: it may be now at this good time of Newyeare he will be liberall, let vs stand neere and drawe.

Phil. Draw callest thou it, indeed it is the most desperate kinde of seruice that euer I aduentured on.

Act. 5. Scena. 2.

Enter the two Pages.

Sir Rad pa. My maister bidds me tell you that he is but newly fallen a sleepe, and you base slaues must come and disquiet him: what neuer a basket of Capons? masse, and if he comes, heele commit you all.

Amor. Pag. Sirra *Iack*, shall you and I play Sir *Raderick* and *Amoretto*, and reward these fiddlers. Ile, my maister *Amoretto*, and giue them as much as he vseth.

S.Rad.pag. And I my old maister Sir *Raderick*: fiddlers play: Ile reward you, fayth I will.

Amor pag. Good fayth this pleaseth my sweete mistres admirably: cannot you play twytty twatty foole, or to be at her, to be at her.

Rad.pag. Haue you neuer a song of maister *Dowlands* making?

Am. pag. Or *Hos ego versiculos feci &c.* A pox on it, my maister *Am.* vseth it very often. I haue forgotten the verse.

Rad. pag. Sir Theon: here are a couple of fellowes brought before me, and I know not how to decide the cause, looke in my Christmas booke who brought me a present

Am. pag. On New-yeares day goodman Foole brought you a present, but goodman Clowne brought you none.

Rad. pag. Then the right is on goodman fooles side.

Am. pag. My mistres is so sweete, that al the Phisitions in the towne cannot make her stinck, she neuer goes to th coole, oh she is a most sweete little munkey. Please your worship good father yonder are some would speake with you.

Rad. pag. What haue they brought me any thing, if they haue not, say I take Phisick.

Forasmuch fiddlers, as I am of the peace, I must needs loue all weapons and instruments, that are for the peace, among which I account your fiddles, because they can neither bite nor scratch, marry now finding your fiddles to iarre, and knowing that iarring is a cause of breaking the peace, I am by the vertue of my office and place to commit your quarelling fiddles to close prisonment in their cases. *They call within.*

sha ho, Richard, Iack.

Am.Page. The foole within marres our play without. Fiddlers set it on my head, I vse to size my musicke, or go on the score for it, Ile pay it at the quarters end.

Rad. Page. Farewell good *Pan*, sweete *Irenias adieu*, *Don Orpheus* a thousand times farewell.

Iack Fid. You swore you would pay vs for our musick.

Rad.Page. For that Ile giue Maister *Recorders* law, and that is this, there is a double oath, a formall oath, and a materiall oath: a materiall oath cannot be broken, the formall oath may be broken, I swore formally: farewell Fidlers.

Phil.

Phil. Farewell good wags, whose wits praise worth I deeme,
Though somewhat waggish, so we all haue beene.

Stud. Faith fellow Fidlers, heres no siluer found in this place, no not so much as the vsuall Christmas entertainment of Musitians, a black Iack of Beere, and a Christmas Pye.

They walke aside from their fellowes.

Phil. Where ere we in the wide world playing be,
Missfortune beares a part, and marres our melody,
Impossible to please with Musickes straine,
Our hearts strings brokē, are nere to be tun'd againe.

Stud. Then let vs leaue this baser fidling trade,
For though our purse should mend, our credit fades.

Phil. Full glad I am to see thy mindes free course,
Declining from this trencher waiting trade.
Well may I now disclose in plainer guise,
What earst I meant to worke in secret wise:
My busie conscience checkt my guilty soule,
For seeking maintenance by base vassallage,
And then suggested to my searching thought,
A shepheards poore secure contented life,
On which since then I doted euery houre,
And meant this same houre in sadder plight,
To haue stolne from thee in secrecie of night.

Studi. Deare friend thou seem'st to wrong my soule too much,
Thinking that *Studioso* would account,
That fortune sowre, which thou accompte st sweete:
Nor any life to me can sweeter be,
Then happy swaines in plaine of *Arcady*.

Phil. Why then letts both go spend our litle store,
In the prouision of due furniture:
A shepards hooke, a tarbox and a scrippe,
And hast vnto those sheepe adorned hills,
Where if not blesse our fortunes we may blesse our wills.

Stud. True mirth we may enioy in thacked stall,
Nor hoping higher rise, nor fearing lower fall.

Phil. Weele therefore discharge these fidlers. Fellow musitions, wee are sory that it hath beene your ill happe to haue

 had

had vs in your company, that are nothing but scritch-owles, and night Rauens, able to marre the purest melody: & besides, our company is so ominous, that where we are, thence liberality is packing, our resolution is therefore to wish you well, and to bidde you farewell.

Come *Stud*: let vs hast away,
Returning neare to this accursed place.

Actus 5. Scena. 3.

Enter Ingenioso, Academico.

Inge. Faith *Academico*, it's the feare of that fellow, I meane the signe of the seargeants head, that makes me to be so hasty to be gone: to be briefe *Academico*, writts are out for me, to apprehend mee for my playes, and now I am bound for the Ile of doggs. *Furor* & *Phantasma* comes after, remoouing the campe as fast as they can: farewell, *Mea si quid vota valebnnt.*

Acad. Fayth *Ingenioso*: *I* thinke the Vniuersity is a melancholik life, for there a good fellow cannot sit two howres in his chamber, but he shall bee troubled with the bill of a Drawer, or a Vintner: but the point is, *I* know not how to better my selfe, and so I am fayne to take it.

Act. 5. Scen. 4.

Phil. Stud. Furor. Phant.

Phil. Who haue we there, *Ingenioso*, and *Academico*?

Stud. The verye same, who are those, *Furor* and *Phantasma*? *Furor takes a louse off his sleeue.*

Furor. And art thou there six footed Mercury?

Phan. with his hand in his bosome. Are rymes become such creepers now a dayes?
Presumptuous louse, that doth good manners lack,
Daring to creepe vpon Poet *Furors* back:
Multum refert quibuscum vixeris,
Non videmus Mantica quod in tergo est.

Phil. What *Furor* and *Phan.* too, our old colledge fellowes, let vs incounter them all. *Ing: Acad. Furor. Phantasma.* God saue you all.

Stud.

Stud. What *Ingen.* *Acad.* *Furor.* *Phantasma*: howe do you braue lads.

Ing. What our deere friends *Phil.* and *Stud*?

Acu. What our old friends *Phil.* and *Stud*?

Fur. What my supernaturall friends?

Ing. What newes with you in this quarter of the Citty?

Phil We haue run through many trades, yet thriue by none
Poore in content, and onely rich in moane,
A shepheards life thou knowst I wont t'admire,
Turning a Cambridge apple by the fire.
To liue in humble dale we now are bent,
Spending our dayes in feareless merriment.

Stud. Weel teach each tree euen of the hardest kind,
To keepe our wofull name within their rinde.
Weel watch our flock, and yet weele sleepe withall,
Weele tune our sorrowes to the waters fall, (blesse.
The woods and rockes with our shrill songs weele
Let them proue kind, since men proue pitiless.

But say, whether are you and your company iogging: it seemes by your apparell you are about to wander.

Ing. Faith we are fully bent to be Lords of misrule in the worlds wide heath: our voyage is to the Ile of Dogges, there where the blattant beast doth rule and raigne Renting the credit of whom it please.

Where serpents tongs the pen men are to write,
Where cats do waule by day, dogges by night:
There shall engoared venom be my inke,
My pen a sharper quill of porcupine,
My stayned paper, this sin loaden earth:
There will I write in lines shall neuer die,
Our feared Lordings crying villany.

Phil. A gentle wit thou hadst, nor is it blame,
To turne so tart, for time hath wronged the same,

Stu. And well thou dost from this fond earth to flit,
Where most mens pens are hired Parasites.

Acu. Go happily, I wish thee store of gall,
Sharpely to wound the guilty world withall:

Phil. But say, what shall become of *Furor* and *Phantasma*?
Ing. These my companions still with me must wend,
Aca. Fury and Fansie on good wits attend.
Fur. When I arriue within the ile of Doggs,
Don Phœbus I will make thee kisse the pumpe.
Thy one eye pries in euery Drapers stall,
Yet neuer thinkes on poet *Furors* neede:
Furor is lowsie, great *Furor* lowsie is,
Ile make thee run this lowsie case I wis.
And thou my cluttish landresse Cinthia,
Nere thinkes on *Furors* linnen, *Furors* shirt:
Thou and thy squirting boy *Endimion*,
Lies slauering still vpon a lawlesse couch,
Furor will haue thee carted through the dirt,
That makest great poet *Furor* want his shirt.
Inge. Is not here a trus dogge that dare barke so boldly at the Mooone.
Phil. Exclayming want and needy care and carke,
Would make the mildest spright to bite and barke.
Phan. *Canes timidi vehementius latrant.* There are certaine burrs in the Ile of doggs called in our English tongue, men of worship, certaine briars as the *Indians* call them, as we say certayne lawyers, certayne great lumps of earth, as the *Arbians* call them, certayne grosers as wee tearme them, *quos ego sed motos præstat componere fluctus.*
Inge. We three vnto the snarling Iland hast,
And there our vexed breath in snarling wast.
Phil. We will be gone vnto the downes of Kent,
Sure footing we shall find in humble dale:
Our fleecy flocke weel learne to watch and warde,
In Iulyes heate and cold of Ianuary:
Weel chant our woes vpon an oaten reede,
Whiles bleating flock vpon their supper feede:
Stud. So shall we shun the company of men,
That growes more hatefull as the world growes old,
Weel teach the murmuring brookes in tears to flow:
And steepy rocke to wayle our passed wo.

Acad.

Acad. Adew you gentle spirits, long adew:
Your witts I loue and your ill fortunes rue:
Ile hast me to my Cambridge cell againe,
My fortunes cannot wax but they may waine.

Inge. Adew good sheppards, happy may you liue,
And if heereafter in some secret shade,
You shall recount poore schollers miseries,
Vouchsafe to mention with teares swelling eyes,
Ingeniosoes thwarting destinyes,
And thou still happy *Academico*,
That still maist rest vpon the muses bed,
Inioying there a quiet slumbering,
When thou repayrest vnto thy Grantaes streame,
Wonder at thine owne blisse, pitty our case,
That still doth tread ill fortunes endlesse maze,
Wish them that are preferments Almoners,
To cherish gentle wits in their greene bud:
For had not Cambridge bin to me vnkinde,
I had not turn'd to gall a milkye minde.

Phil. I wish thee of good hap a plentious store,
Thy wit deserues no lesse, my loue can wish no more.
Farewell, farewell good *Academico*.
Neuer maist thou tast of our forepassed woe.
Wee wish thy fortunes may attaine their due:
Furor and you *Phantasma* both adue.

Acad. Farewell, farewell, farewell, o long farewell,
The rest my tongue conceales, let sorrow tell.

Phan. Et longum vale, inquit Iola.

Furor. Farewel my masters, *Furor's* a masty dogge,
Nor can with a smooth glozing farewell cog.
Nought can great *Furor* do, but barke and howle,
And snarle, and grin, and carle, and towze the world,
Like a great swine by his long leane eard lugges,
Farewell musty, dusty, rusty, fusty London,
Thou art not worthy of great *Furors* wit,
That cheatest vertue of her due desert,
And suffereſt great *Apolloes* sonne to want.

Inge.

Inge. Nay ſtay a while and helpe me to content:
So many gentle witts attention,
Who kennes the lawes of euery comick ſtage,
And wonders that our ſcene ends diſcontent.
Ye ayrie witts ſubtill,
Since that few ſchollers fortunes are content.
Wonder not if our ſcene end diſcontent.
When that our fortunes reach their due content,
Then ſhall our ſcene end here in merriment.

Phil. Perhaps ſome happy wit with ſeeling hand,
Hereafter may record the paſtorall
Of the two ſchollers of *Pernaſſus* hill,
And then our ſcene may end and haue content,

Inge. Meane time if there be any ſpightfull Ghoſt,
That ſmiles to ſee poore ſchollers miſeries
Cold is his charity, his wit too dull,
We ſcorne his cenſure, he is a ieering gull,
But whatſoere refined ſprights there be,
That deepely groane at our calamity:
Whoſe breath is turned to ſighes, whoſe eyes are wet,
To ſee bright arts bent to their lateſt ſet:
Whence neuer they againe their heads ſhall reere,
To bleſſe our art diſgracing hemiſpheere.

Inge. Let them,
Furor Let them.
Phan. Let them.
Acad. And none but them.
Phil. And none but them.
Stud. And none but them.

{All giue vs a *plaudite.*

FINIS.